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ROMAN IMPERIALISM.

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II. THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

WHAT was the cause of the fall of the Roman Empire?

That after a few centuries a fabric so artificial should fall to pieces is not in itself surprising. Great empires seldom last long; they are by their very nature liable to special evils to which in time they succumb, and so the process of their downfall is commonly the same. Rome was by no means exempt from these special causes of weakness, but we shall find that Rome did not, like other empires, succumb to them. We shall find that she weathered these most obvious dangers, and that the history of her fall is as unique as that of her greatness.

The difficulty which has been found insurmountable in most great empires is their unwieldy size, and the obstinate antipathy of the conquered nationalities to their conquerors. Government must necessarily become difficult in proportion to the extent of the territory governed and the disloyalty of the inhabitants. It follows that in a great empire founded upon conquest the difficulties of government are the greatest possible. To cope with them it is found necessary to create pashas or viceroys of particular provinces, with full monarchical power. Sooner or later government breaks down, overborne partly by its insurgent subjects, partly by these viceroys shaking off its authority.

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This, then, is the regular process of dissolution in empires. Subject nationalities succeed at last in recovering their independence, and subordinate governors throw off their allegiance and become kings. Sometimes the two solvents help each other, as Ali Pasha of Janina helped the early attempts of the Greek patriots. Let us take some of the more conspicuous examples which history affords. Alexander's empire was dissolved by his officers making themselves kings, and the kingdom of Pontus was formed out of it by the effort of one of the conquered nationalities. The Saracen Empire split into three independent califates. The Seljukian Empire of Malek Shah was divided in a few generations among independent sultans of Persia, Syria, Roum, &c. The Great Mogul lost his dominion partly to the insurgent Mahrattas, partly to his own viceroys of the Deccan and of Bengal. The German Empire became a nullity when the electors began to raise themselves to the rank of kings. In the Ottoman Empire the process of dissolution shows itself in Greece and Servia recovering their independence, and the Egyptian viceroy making himself a sovereign.

If we look for similar symptoms in the dissolution of the Roman Empire we are disappointed. The subject nation-

alities do not recover their independence. It is true that they make their separate influence felt long after they have been politically merged. The Greeks, for example, maintained, not only the independence, but the superiority of their language and their culture. Although the greatest writers of this period are Roman, yet, within half a century after the death of Tacitus and Juvenal, Greek not only prevailed in the eastern half of the Empire, but had so far superseded Latin in Rome itself, that the Emperor Aurelius uses it in meditations intended for his own private use. The Asiatic part of the Empire preserved its peculiar ways of thinking. Its religions entered into a competition both with the religions of the West and with Greek philosophy, the religion of the cultivated classes among the Romans. In this contest between the Western conquerors and the Eastern subjects the conquered races had at last the better, and imposed a religion upon their masters. Nor were the African nationalities without their influence. They gave to the Empire, in Severus, the master who first gave unlimited power to the army; and they contributed to the religious reformation its greatest rhetorician, Tertullian; its most influential politician, Cyprian; and, later, its greatest theologian, Augustine.

But though the nationalities retained so much intellectual independence, they never became dangerous to the Empire. There were indeed, in the first century, four considerable wars of independence—the rising of the Germans under Arminius, that of the Britons under Boadicea, that of the Germans and Gauls under Civilis, and that of the Jews. But the first two were not rebellions of nations already conquered, but of nations in the process of being conquered. In the case of the Germans it was the effort by which they saved their independence; in the case of the Britons it was the last convulsion of despair. The other two revolts were, no doubt, precisely of the kind which occur so frequently in great empires, and are so frequently fatal to them. But to the Roman Empire they

were not fatal, and can hardly be said to have seriously endangered it. It was owing to the confusion of a revolutionary time that Civilis was able for a moment to sever the Rhenish provinces from Rome, but his success only made it more evident that his appeal to national feeling came too late, and was addressed to that which had no existence. As soon as the vigour of the central government revived, a single army, not very well commanded, extinguished the feeble spark. Far different, certainly, was the vigour and enthusiasm with which the Jews took arms. But the result was not different. The rebellious nationality only earned by the fierceness of its rising a more overwhelming ruin.

If we reckon the Jewish war of the reign of Vespasian and that of the reign of Hadrian as constituting together one great national rebellion, then the history of the Empire affords no other considerable example besides those I have mentioned of the rising of a conquered nationality. There appear, indeed, in the third and fourth centuries, some phenomena not altogether different. The third century was an age of revolution. I have spoken already of the great Roman Revolution which began with the tribunate of Gracchus and ended with the battle of Actium. It would be a convenient thing if we could accustom ourselves to the notion of a second Roman Revolution, beginning with the death of Marcus Aurelius, in A.D. 180, and ending with the accession of Diocletian, in A.D. 285. During this period the Imperial system struggled for its life, and suffered a transformation of character which enabled it to support itself over the whole extent of the Empire for more than another century, and in the eastern half for many centuries. In the fearful convulsions of this revolutionary period we are able to discern the difficulties with which the Imperial system had to cope. And among these difficulties is certainly to be reckoned the unlikeliness of the nations composing the Empire. The Empire shows a constant tendency to break into large fragments, each held together internally by national sympa-

thies, and separated from the others by national differences. The Greek-speaking world tends to separate itself from the Latin-speaking world. Gaul, Britain, and Spain tend to separate themselves from Italy and Africa. These tendencies were recognised when the revolutionary period closed in Diocletian's partition of the Empire between two Augusti and two Caesars, and, afterwards, in the four great prefectures of Constantine. The division between East and West, after being several times drawn and again effaced, was permanently recognised in the time of the sons of Theodosius, and is written in large characters in the history of the modern world.

The tendency then to division certainly existed, and might at times be dangerous. But it is not to be confounded with that working of the spirit of nationality which I have spoken of as the commonest cause of the ruin of great empires. In most great empires the subject nations have not only a want of sympathy, or it may be a positive antipathy, towards each other; they are influenced still more by an undying hostility towards their conquerors, and an undying recollection of the independence they have lost. Out of these feelings springs a fixed determination, handed down through successive generations, and shared by every individual member of the conquered race, to throw off the yoke at the first opportunity. Where this fixed determination exists, the conquerors have in the long run but a poor chance of retaining their conquest; for their energy is more likely to be corrupted by success than their victims' fixed hatred to be extinguished by delay. And this was the difficulty which, almost alone among conquering nations, the Romans were not called upon to meet. By some means or other they succeeded in destroying in the mind of Gaul, African, and Greek the remembrance of their past independence and the remembrance of the relentless cruelty with which they had been enslaved. Rome destroyed patriotism in its subject races, though it left in them a certain blind instinct of kindred. When the Empire grew weak, the atoms showed

a tendency to crystallize again in the old forms, but while it continued vigorous it satisfied the nationalities that it had absorbed. Whether by its imposing grandeur, or the material happiness it bestowed, or the free career it offered, particularly to military merit, or the hopelessness of resistance, or—more particularly in the West—by the civilization it brought with it; by some of these means, or by some combination of them, the Roman Empire succeeded in giving an equivalent to those who had been deprived of everything by its relentless sword. As Tecmessa to Ajax, the world said to Rome—

σὸ γὰρ μοι πατρίδ' ἥσσωσας ἔδρεν
καὶ μητίρ' ἀλλή μοῖρα τὸν φέσαντά τε
καθεῖλεν Αἰδου θανάσιμους οἰκτρότας
τίς δῆτ' ἐμοὶ γένοιτ' ἐν ἀντί σου πατρίς;
τίς πλοῦτος; ἐν σοὶ πᾶς ἐγώ γε σάξομαι.

"Thou didst destroy my country with thy spear;

My mother and begetter eyeless Fate
Took to be tenants of the house of death.
Now then what country can I find but thee,
What household? on thee all my fortune hangs."

Of all the conquered nations, that which had the noblest past was Greece. It is a striking fact that even a hundred years ago there existed among the Greeks no proud remembrance of their heroic ancestors. Leonidas and Miltiades were names which had no magic sound to them. But they were proud of two things,—of their religious orthodoxy and of their being the legitimate representatives of the Roman Empire.

The Roman Empire, then, did not fall as, for example, the Parthian Empire fell, by the rebellion of the conquered nationalities. But neither again did it fall by the rebellion of its great officers and viceroys, as the empire of Alexander. It was, indeed, constantly exposed to this danger. It felt, as other empires have felt, the necessity of creating these great officers. The Legati of the Rhine and Danube, the Legatus of Syria, possessed the power of independent sovereigns. They often seemed likely to use, and sometimes did use, this power against the government. In the first two centuries, Galba, Vitellius, Vespasian, Severus,

were successful usurpers; Vindex, Avidius Cassius, Pescennius Niger were unsuccessful ones; Corbulo, and perhaps Agricola, paid with their lives for the greatness which made them capable of becoming usurpers. But these men usurped, or endeavoured to usurp, or were thought likely to usurp, the whole Empire, not parts of it. The danger of the Empire being divided among its great generals, did not appear till near the end of that revolutionary period of which I have spoken. Then, however, it seemed for a time very imminent. We might rather say that for some years the Empire was actually divided in this way. In what is commonly called the time of the Thirty Tyrants, Gaul and Spain were governed for some years by independent emperors, while Syria and part of Asia Minor formed the kingdom of Odenathus. In other parts of the Empire, at the same time, the authority of Rome was thrown off by several less successful adventurers. At this moment, then, the Roman Empire presented the same spectacle of dissolution which other great empires have sooner or later almost always presented. It seemed likely to run the usual course, and to illustrate the insurmountable difficulty of at once concentrating great power at a number of different points, and preserving the supremacy of the centre of the whole system. But the Roman Empire rallied, and by an extraordinary display of energy proved the difficulty not to be insurmountable. It escaped this danger also, and that not only for a time, but permanently. The disease of which it died at last was not this, but another.

Of the first Roman Revolution, Marius, Cæsar, and Augustus are the heroes. The first of these organized the military system, the second gave the military power predominance over the civil, the third arranged the relations of the military to the civil power, so as to make them as little oppressive and as durable as possible. The second Roman Revolution, that of the third century after Christ, had for its heroes Diocletian and Constantine. The problem for them was to give to the military power, now

absolutely predominant, unity within itself. Before, the question had been of the relations between the Emperor and the Senate; now it was of the relations between the Emperor and his Legati and his army. But now, as then, the only hope of the Empire was in despotism; the one study of all statesmen was how to diminish liberty still further, and concentrate power still more absolutely in a single hand. As Rome had been saved from barbaric invasion by Cæsar, so it was saved by Diocletian from partition among viceroys. But as it was saved the first time at the expense of its republican liberties, it was saved the second time by the sacrifice of those vestiges of freedom which Cæsar had left it. The military dictator now became a sultan. The little finger of Constantine was thicker than the loins of Augustus; and if Tiberius had chastised his subjects with whips, Valentinian chastised them with scorpions.

The Revolution now effected had two stages. First came the temporary arrangement of Diocletian, who, in order to strengthen the Imperial power against the unwieldy army, created, as it were, a cabinet of emperors. He shared his power with three other generals, whom he succeeded in attaching firmly to himself. Such an arrangement could not last, for only a superior genius could superintend the operation of the law, *Nulla fides regni sociis*; but so long as it lasted the Imperial power was quadrupled, and the Empire was firmly ruled, not from one centre, but from four: from Nicomedia, Antioch, Milan, and Trèves. This plan had all the advantages of partition, while in the undisputed ascendancy of Diocletian it retained all the advantages of unity. This temporary arrangement in due time gave place to the permanent institution of Constantine, who broke the power of the Legati by dividing military power from the civil. Up to that time, the Legatus of a province had been an emperor in miniature—at the same time governor of a nation and commander of an army. Now, the two offices were divided, and there remained to the emperor an im-

mense superiority over every subject,—the prerogative that in him alone civil and military power met. And at the same time that by disarming all inferior greatness he made himself master of the bodies, the lives, and fortunes of his subjects, he subdued their imaginations and hearts by his assumption of Asiatic state and by his alliance with the Christian Church.

Thus was the second danger successfully encountered. Rome disarmed her formidable viceroys, as she had subdued and pacified her subject nationalities. Yet in a century and a half from the time of Constantine, the Western Empire fell, and the Eastern Empire in the course of three centuries lost many of its fairest provinces, and saw its capital besieged by foreign invaders. Having escaped the two principal maladies incident to great empires, she succumbed to some others, the nature of which we have now to consider.

The simple facts of the fall of the Empire are these. The Imperial system had been established, as I have shown, to protect the frontier. This it did for two centuries with eminent success. But in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, whose reign I have noted as marking the commencement of the second revolutionary period, there occurred an invasion of the Marcomanni, which was not repulsed without great difficulty, and which excited a deep alarm and foreboding throughout the Empire. In the third century the hostile powers on every frontier begin to appear more formidable. The German tribes, in whose discord Tacitus saw the safety of the Empire, present themselves now no longer in separate feebleness, but in powerful confederations. We hear no more the insignificant names of Chatti and Chauci; the history of the third century is full of Alemanni, Franks, and Goths. On the eastern frontier, the long decayed power of the Parthians now gives place to a revived and vigorous Persian Empire. The forces of the Empire are more and more taxed to defend it from these powerful enemies. One emperor is killed in battle with the

Goths, another is taken prisoner by the Persians. But strengthened by internal reforms, the Empire is found still capable of making head against its assailants. In the middle of the fourth century it is visibly stronger and safer than it had been in the middle of the third. Then follows the greatest convulsion to which human society is liable, that which is to the world of man what an earthquake is to nature,—I mean an invasion of Tartars. The Huns emerge from Asia, and drive before them the populations of Central Europe. The fugitive Goths crave admission into the Empire. Admitted, they engage in war with their entertainers. They defeat and kill an emperor at Adrianople. But again the Empire is avenged by Theodosius. In the age of his degenerate sons the barbaric world decisively encroaches on the Roman. There is a constant influx of Goths. Goths fill the Roman armies, and plunder the Empire under cover of a commission from the emperor himself. Rome is sacked by Alaric. Then most of Gaul, Spain, and afterwards Africa are torn from the empire by an invasion half Teutonic, half Slavonic. Barbaric chieftains make and unmake the emperors of the West. At last they assume sovereignty in Italy to themselves, and the Ostrogothic kingdom is founded. The East, too, suffers gradually a great change of population. Greece is almost repopled with Slaves and Wallachians. New kingdoms are founded on the Lower Danube. In the seventh century, Egypt and Syria are wrested from the Empire by the Saracens.

This is what we commonly understand by the fall of the Empire. It was matched in war with the barbaric world beyond the frontier, and the barbaric world was victorious. But it would be very thoughtless to suppose that this is a sufficient account of the matter, and that the fortune of war will explain such a vast phenomenon. What we call fortune may decide a battle, not so easily the shortest war; and it is evident that the Roman world would not have steadily receded through centuries before the barbaric had it not been decidedly

inferior in force. To explain, then, the fall of the Empire, it is necessary to explain the inferiority in force of the Romans to the barbarians.

This inferiority of the Romans, it is to be remembered, was a new thing. At an earlier time they had been manifestly superior. When the region of barbarism was much larger; when it included warlike and aggressive nations now lost to it, such as the Gauls; and when, on the other hand, the Romans drew their armies from a much smaller area, and organized them much less elaborately, the balance had inclined decidedly the other way. In those times the Roman world, in spite of occasional reverses, had on the whole steadily encroached on the barbaric. The Gauls were such good soldiers, that the Romans themselves acknowledged their superiority in valour: yet the Romans not only held their own against them, but conquered them, and annexed Gaul to the Empire. If we use the word "force" in its most comprehensive sense, as including all the different forces, material, intellectual, and moral, which can contribute to the military success of a nation, it is evident that the Roman world in the time of Pompey and Cæsar was as much superior in force to the barbaric world as it was inferior to it in the time of Arcadius and Honorius. Either, therefore, a vast increase of power must have taken place in the barbaric world, or a vast internal decay in the Roman.

Now the barbaric world had actually received two considerable accessions of force. It had gained considerably, through what influences we can only conjecture, in the power and habit of co-operation. As I have said before, in the third century we meet with large confederations of Germans, whereas before we read only of isolated tribes. Together with this capacity of confederation we can easily believe that the Germans had acquired new intelligence, civilization, and military skill. Moreover, it is practically to be considered as a great increase of aggressive force, that in the middle of the fourth century they were threatened in their original

settlements by the Huns. The impulse of desperation which drove them against the Roman frontier was felt by the Romans as a new force acquired by the enemy. But we shall soon see that other and more considerable momenta must have been required to turn the scale. For in the first place, if in three centuries the barbaric world made a considerable advance in power, how was it that the Roman world did not make an immensely greater advance in the same time? A barbaric society is commonly almost stationary; a civilized society is indefinitely progressive. How many advantages had a vast and well-ordered empire like the Roman over barbarism! What a step towards material wealth and increase of population would seem to be necessarily made when the bars to intercourse are removed between a number of countries, and when war between those countries is abolished! If in the first two centuries of the Empire there were bloody wars within the Empire, yet they were both short and very infrequent; the permanent condition of international hostility between the nations surrounding the Mediterranean Sea, which had preceded the Roman conquests, was a tradition of the past. Never since has there been over the same area so long a period of internal peace. If we were guided by modern analogies, we should certainly expect that, while barbarism made its first tottering steps in the path of improvement, the Empire would have made gigantic strides; that its population and wealth would have increased enormously; that instead of failing to defend the frontier it would have overflowed it at all points; and that it would have annexed and romanized Germany with far greater ease than in Cæsar's time it had absorbed Gaul.

In the second place, the balance had already begun to turn before any new weights were put into the scale of barbarism. A long period intervened between the time when Rome was a conquering state and the time when it began to be conquered. During this interval barbarism had acquired no new

strength, and yet the Romans had ceased to conquer. And this must have been owing, not to any want of will, but to a consciousness of the want of power. For when Rome ceased to conquer, it was far more completely organized for military purposes and governed more exclusively by military men than in its period of conquest. With a citizen soldiery, summoned from farms and commanded often by civilians, Rome extended her boundaries widely ; but with a magnificent standing army, with a crowd of experienced officers, and with an Emperor at the head of affairs, Rome ceased, except at long intervals, to conquer. The maxim of Augustus, that the Empire was large enough, can only mean that the limit of its resources had been reached, and that those resources, for some reason or other, did not grow. And that the maxim was sound, and continued to be sound, is shown by Hadrian's re-assertion of it when he gave up the Parthian conquests of Trajan, and later by Aurelian's evacuation of Dacia. Aurelian was a great general, Hadrian was an active and enterprising man. Both of them must have known that the easiest way to obtain popularity was to carry on wars of conquest. Both must have known that to give up conquests was the readiest way to offend the pride of the Romans, and to excite disaffection towards the government. We may therefore feel sure that it was neither love of ease nor a mere blind respect for a traditionary maxim that induced these two emperors deliberately to narrow the boundaries of the Empire. They must have had a knowledge of the weakness and exhaustion of the State, and of its inadequacy to new conquests, so certain and clear as to silence all the suggestions of ambition and interest.

We are forced, then, to the conclusion that the Roman Empire, in the midst of its greatness and civilization, must have been in a stationary and unprogressive, if not a decaying condition. Now what can have been the cause of this unproductiveness or decay ? It has been common to suppose a moral degeneration in the Romans, caused by

luxury and excessive good fortune. To support this it is easy to quote the satirists and cynics of the Imperial time, and to refer to such accounts as Ammianus gives of the mingled effeminacy and brutality of the aristocracy of the capital in the fourth century. But the history of the wars between Rome and the barbaric world does not show us the proofs we might expect of this decay of spirit. We do not find the Romans ceasing to be victorious in the field, and beginning to show themselves inferior in valour to their enemies. The luxury of the capital could not affect the army, which had no connexion with the capital, but was levied from the peasantry of the whole Empire, a class into which luxury can never penetrate. Nor can it be said that luxury corrupted the generals, and through them the army. On the contrary, the Empire produced a remarkable series of capable generals. From Claudius Gothicus to the patrician Aetius, a period of two centuries, the series is scarcely interrupted, and for the greater part of that time the government of the Empire itself was in the hands of men bred to war and accustomed to great commands. And as in better times, the Roman arms were still commonly victorious. Julian, fighting at great odds, defeated the Alemanni ; Theodosius quelled the intruding Goths ; Stilicho checked Alaric and crushed Rhadagaisus ; the great Tartar himself, the genius of destruction, Attila, met his match in Aetius, and retreated before the arms of Rome.

Whatever the remote and ultimate cause may have been, the immediate cause to which the fall of the Empire can be traced is a physical, not a moral decay. In valour, discipline, and science, the Roman armies remained what they had always been, and the peasant-emperors of Illyricum were worthy successors of Cincinnatus and Caius Marius. But the problem was how to replenish those armies. Men were wanting ; the Empire perished for want of men.

The proof of this is in the fact that the contest with barbarism was carried on by the help of barbarian soldiers. The Emperor Probus began this system,

and under his successors it came more and more into use. As the danger of it could not be overlooked, we must suppose that the necessity of it was still more unmistakable. It must have been because the Empire could not furnish soldiers for its own defence, that it was driven to the strange expedient of turning its enemies and plunderers into its defenders. Yet on these scarcely disguised enemies it came to depend so exclusively that in the end the Western Empire was destroyed, not by the hostile army, but by its own. The Roman army had become a barbarian horde, and for some years the Roman commander-in-chief was a barbarian prince, Ricimer, who created and deposed emperors at his pleasure. Soon after his fall, another barbarian occupying the same position, Odoacer, terminated the line of emperors, and assumed the government into his own hands.

Nor was it only in the army that the Empire was compelled to borrow men from barbarism. To cultivate the fields, whole tribes were borrowed. From the time of Marcus Aurelius, it was a practice to grant lands within the Empire sometimes to prisoners of war, sometimes to tribes applying for admission. Thus the Vandals received settlements in Pannonia, the Goths of Ulfilas in Mæsia, the Salian Franks along the Rhine. In these cases the Romans were not forced to admit the barbarians. If they were partly influenced by the wish to pacify them, it is certain also that there must have been a vast extent of unoccupied land which the Empire was glad to people in this way. However much disposed we may be to reject as rhetorical the descriptions of utter devastation along the frontier in which our authorities abound, it seems at least to be clear that, however many barbaric tribes might knock for admission, there was room for them within the Empire. Nor did these large loans of men suffice the Empire. It was perpetually borrowing smaller amounts. Under the name of *Læti* and *Coloni*, there seems reason to believe that the Empire was already full of Germans before the great immi-

grations began. It is easy to discover symptoms of every kind of decay in the Roman Empire. We may talk of oppressive taxation and the rapacity of officials; of the tyranny by which the curiales, or respectable middle class, of provincial towns were crushed; of the decline of warlike spirit shown by the high price of volunteers and the extensive practice of self-mutilation to avoid the conscription; of the general decline of warlike spirit. But, however visible these symptoms may be, they must not divert our attention from the great symptom of all, the immediate and patent cause of the fall of the Empire,—that want of population which made it impossible to keep a native army on foot, and which caused a perpetual and irrepressible stream of barbaric immigration. The barbarian occupied the Roman Empire almost as the Anglo-Saxon is occupying North America: he settled and peopled rather than conquered it.

The want of any principle of increase in the Roman population is attested at a much earlier time. In the second century before Christ, Polybius bears witness to it, and the returns of the census from the Second Punic War to the time of Augustus show no steady increase in the number of citizens that cannot be accounted for by the extension of the citizenship to new classes. A stationary population suffers from war or any other destructive plague far more and more permanently than a progressive one. Accordingly we are told that Julius Cæsar, when he attained to supreme power, found an alarming thinness of population (*δυσὴν ἀνθρώπων*). Both he and his successor struggled earnestly against this evil. The grave maxim of Metellus Macedonicus, that marriage was a duty which, however painful, every citizen ought manfully to discharge, acquired great importance in the eyes of Augustus. He caused the speech in which it was contained to be read in the Senate: had he lived in our days, he would have reprinted it with a preface. To admonition he added legislation. The *Lex Julia* is the irrefragable proof of the existence at the beginning of the Imperial

time of that very disease of which, four centuries after, the Empire died. How alarming the symptoms already were may be measured by the determined resolution with which Augustus forced his enactment upon the people, in spite of the most strenuous resistance. The enactment consisted of a number of privileges and precedences given to marriage. It was in fact a handsome bribe offered by the State to induce the citizens to marry. How strange, according to our notions, the condition of society must have been; how directly opposite from the present one, the view taken by statesmen of the question of population; and how unlike the present one, the view taken by people in general of marriage, may be judged from this law. Precisely as we think of marriage, the Roman of Imperial times thought of celibacy—that is, as the most comfortable but the most expensive condition of life. Marriage with us is a pleasure for which a man must be content to pay; with the Romans it was an excellent pecuniary investment,¹ but an intolerably disagreeable one.

Here lay, at least in the judgment of Augustus, the root of the evil. To inquire into the causes of this aversion to marriage in this place would lead me too far. We must be content to assume that, owing partly to this cause and partly to the prudential check of infanticide, the Roman population seems to have been in ordinary times almost stationary. The same phenomenon had shown itself in Greece before its conquest by the Romans. There the population had even greatly declined, and the shrewd observer Polybius explains that it was not owing to war or plague, but mainly to the general reluctance of his countrymen to rear families. If we can suppose a similar temper to have become common among the Roman citizens, it may still seem at first sight unlikely that the newly-conquered barbarians of Gaul or Britain would fall into an effeminacy incident rather to excessive civilization. But there is

reason to think, on the contrary, that the newly-conquered barbarians were especially liable to it. We know how dangerous is the sudden introduction of civilized habits and manners among barbarians. We know how fatally the contact of Anglo-Saxons has worked upon Indians, Australians, and New Zealanders. The effect of Roman civilization upon Gauls and Britons was similar, if we may take the evidence of Tacitus. They exchanged too suddenly a life of rude and violent adventure for the Roman baths and schools of rhetoric. The effect upon these races was an unnatural lethargy, and apparently also a tendency to decline in numbers. The Helvetians are spoken of by Tacitus as already almost extinct; and the Batavians who distinguish themselves by their high spirit in the wars of Vitellius and Vespasian, have entirely disappeared when their territory is occupied in the fourth century by the Franks.

It remains to point out that the circumstances of the Empire between the times of Cæsar and Constantine were such as rather to aggravate than mitigate the disease. One main reason why civilization in modern times is favourable to the growth of population is that it is industrial. The Anglo-Saxon subdues physical nature to his interest and convenience. Wherever he comes he introduces new industries. He contrives first to prosper, and next he increases. By his side the barbarian, skilled only in destruction, and without the inclination or talent to create anything, feels himself growing weaker and weaker, despairs, and then disappears. But Roman civilization was not of this creative kind. It was military, that is, destructive. The enormous wealth of the Romans had not been created by them, but simply appropriated. It had been gained not by manufacture or commerce, but by war. And it had been gained by the concentrated effort of many successive generations. Probably such a great national effort cannot be maintained for so long a time without giving to the national character a fixed warp or bias. The military inclination would remain to

¹ Plutarch: *περί φιλοστοργίας*, c. 2.

the Romans even when they had lost the power to gratify it. The aversion to all the arts of creation would remain even when nothing but those arts could save them. In the most successful conquering race that has appeared since the Romans,—in the Turks,—the same phenomenon appears. They have lost the power to conquer, but they cannot acquire habits of industry and accumulation. Their nature has no versatility; it enjoys nothing between fighting and torpid inaction. They could win an empire, but having won it they allow it to fall into ruin. In a less degree the Romans seem to have had the same defect. There runs through their literature the brigand's and the barbarian's contempt for honest industry,—at least when that industry is not agricultural. To make wealth appears to them sordid; to take it admirable. And accordingly, when the limit of conquest and spoliation had been reached, a torpor, a Turkish helplessness, fell on them. They lived on what should have been their capital. Their wealth went to Asia in exchange for perishable luxuries, a general poverty spread through the Empire, and the unwillingness to multiply must have become stronger and stronger.

Perhaps enough has now been said to explain that great enigma, which so much bewilders the reader of Gibbon; namely, the sharp contrast between the age of the Antonines and the age which followed it. A century of unparalleled tranquillity and virtuous government is followed immediately by a period of hopeless ruin and dissolution. A century of rest is followed not by renewed vigour, but by incurable exhaustion. Some principle of decay must clearly have been at work, but what principle? We answer: it was a period of sterility or barrenness in human beings; the human harvest was bad. And among the causes of this barrenness we find, in the more barbarous nations, the enfeeblement produced by the too abrupt introduction of civilization, and universally the absence of industrial habits, and the disposition to listlessness which belongs to the military character.

A society in such a critical position as this can ill bear a sudden shock. The sudden shock came; "a swift destruction winged from God!" Aurelius, whose reign I have marked as the end of an age, saw the flash. We might say that Heaven, pitying the long death-struggle of the Roman world, sent down the Angel Azrael to cut matters short. In A.D. 166 broke out the plague. It spread from Persia to Gaul, and, according to the historians, carried off "a majority of the population." It was the first of a long series of similar visitations. Niebuhr has said that the ancient world never recovered from the blow inflicted upon it by the plague which visited it in the reign of Aurelius. We are in danger of attaching too little importance to occurrences of this kind. The historian devotes but a few lines to them because they do not often admit of being related in detail. The battle of Cressy occupies the historian more than the Black Death, yet we now know that the Black Death is a turning-point in mediæval English history. Our knowledge of the series of plagues which fell on the Roman world during the Revolutionary period from Aurelius to Diocletian, is extremely fragmentary. But the vastness of the calamity seems not doubtful, and it seems also clear that the condition of the Empire was just such as to make the blow mortal. It is also plain that the reconstructed Empire over which, when the Revolutionary period was past, Diocletian and Constantine reigned, was different in its whole character from the Empire of the Antonines, and that a new age began then which resembled the Middle Ages as much as it resembled Antiquity.

As the population dwindled, a new evil made its appearance. The expenses of government had always been great: when complete Oriental sultanism was introduced by Diocletian, they became enormous. And the demands of government reached their highest point when the population had been decimated (the word is probably much too weak) by the plague. The *fiscus*, which had always been burdensome, became now a

millstone round the neck of the sinking Empire. The demand for money became as urgent as the demand for men. A leading characteristic of the later Empire is grinding taxation. The government being overwhelmingly powerful, there was no limit to its power of extortion, and the army of officials which had now been created plundered for themselves as well as for the government. What the plague had been to the population, that the *fiscus* was to industry. It broke the bruised reed; it converted feebleness into utter and incurable debility. Roman finance had no conception of the impolicy of laying taxation so as to depress enterprise and trade. The *fiscus* destroyed capital in the Roman Empire. The desire of accumulation withered where government lay in wait for all savings—*locupletissimus quisque in prædam correptus*. All the intricate combinations by which man is connected to man in a progressive society disappeared. The diminished population lived once more as *αὐτάρκτοι*, procuring from the soil as much as their own individual needs required, each man alone, and all alike in bondage to an omnipotent, all-grasping government. For safety they had given omnipotence to their government, but they could not give it the knowledge of political economy, nor the power to cure subtle moral evils. Accordingly all the omnipotence of government was turned to increasing the poverty, and consequently the sterility, of the population.

I have not left myself space to describe in detail the pressure of the *fiscus* and the conscription upon the different classes of the people. It is related in many books with what malignant ingenuity the men of property everywhere were, so to speak, chained to the spot where they lived, that the vulture of taxation might prey upon their vitals; and how the peasantry were in like manner appropriated and enslaved to military service. But this oppression, to which government in its helplessness was driven, filled the cup.

I conceive that the downfall of the Empire is thus accounted for. Barbarians might enter freely and take possession. Vandal corsairs from Carthage might outdo the work of Hannibal, and Germany avenge at her leisure the invasions of Caesar and Drusus, for the invincible power had been tamed by a slow disease. Rome had stopped, from a misgiving she could not explain to herself, in the career of victory. A century of repose had only left her weaker than before. She was able to conquer her nationalities. She centralized herself successfully, and created a government of mighty efficiency and stability. But against this disease she was powerless; and the disease was sterility. Already enfeebled by it she passed through a century of plague, and when the plague handed her over to the *fiscus* there remained nothing for the sufferer but gradually to sink. But the causes from which the disease itself had sprung were such as we can but imperfectly ascertain,—causes deeply involved in the constitution of society itself, and such as no statesmanship or philosophy then in the world could hope to contend with.

NOTE.—The *Spectator*, in a flattering notice of the first of these papers, asks for an explanation of the statement that the Senate was an assembly of life peers freely chosen. The magistrates were chosen by popular election, and election to the higher magistracies carried with it a permanent seat in the Senate. This is what I meant by calling it an assembly of life peers. I call it freely elected because every full citizen was eligible and had a vote. No doubt the great houses had such overwhelming influence that they could in ordinary times monopolize the magistracies. But until the Revolutionary period began, I do not think this influence had much coercion in it. The great families were really revered by the people, and were considered to have a sort of moral right to office.

J. R. S.

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER V.

THAT to-morrow, of which Josephine Scanlan spoke so calmly, turned out to be the crisis of her life.

To make up her mind to this visit to the Rectory, cost some pain. It was like assuming her husband's duty; doing for him what he was too weak to do for himself; and, though many a woman is compelled to do this, still it is only a mean sort of woman who enjoys the doing of it, or likes being made perforce a heroine because her husband is a coward.

Ay, that was the key-note of Edward Scanlan's nature. He was a moral coward. Physically, perhaps, he had the bravery of most Irishmen; would have faced the cannon's mouth; indeed, it was always his regret that he had not been a soldier instead of a clergyman. But to say No to an evil or unworthy request; to enter an elegant drawing-room in a shabby coat; in short, to do anything awkward, unpleasant, or painful, was to him quite impossible—as impossible as it would have been to his wife to go away and leave it undone.

She knew this well; it had been forced upon her through years of bitter experience, and, therefore, she nerved herself to undergo her double humiliation: that of asking a favour which might not be granted, and of reading in the Rector's shrewd eyes, though he might be too courteous to say it, the knowledge that her husband, and not she, was the person who ought to have come and asked it. She knew, too, that all sorts of common-sense questions might be put to her. Why could they not make ends meet?—other people did, who were no better off than they, and had as many children. Perhaps, too, even

Mr. Oldham would side with the opinions of the other two men—Mr. Scanlan and Mr. Summerhayes—against her—only a woman! and recommend that they should try to better themselves by seeking their fortune in London.

Seeking one's fortune! A bright, bold, happy thing to do—for a young woman with her young husband, in whom she has full faith, and for whom she is ready to give up everything and follow him cheerfully, in weal or woe, throughout the world. Ten years ago, Josephine Scanlan would have done it gladly, with the Edward Scanlan whom she then believed in. Now?

She could not do it; she dared not. With those six little ones entrusted to her charge; sent to her by God himself, to be her crown of comfort, to keep her heart warm, and open a dim vista of joy in the heavy future, which otherwise might have closed blankly upon her like the dead wall of a cave—no, it was impossible.

The thought of them, and this only alternative of saving them from what she felt would be utter ruin, beat down the cruel feeling of shame which came upon her whenever she considered how she should speak to Mr. Oldham—into what words she should put the blunt request, "Give me some more money!" For she knew, that in degree, her husband was right; the Rector was rather hard in the matter of money. That is, where he did give, he gave liberally enough, but he disliked being encroached upon, or applied to unnecessarily; and he was so exceedingly accurate himself in all his pecuniary affairs that he had a great contempt for inaccuracy in others. He had, too, on occasion, the power of making people a little afraid of him; and, brave woman as she was, I think Mrs. Scanlan must have been slightly afraid

too—conscious of that sensation which children call “their courage slipping down to the heels of their shoes”—as she sat, lacing her poor, half-worn, nay, shabby boots, on her delicate feet, the morning she had to walk down to the Rectory.

It was a burning hot morning in the middle of June. I can picture her, for I know exactly how she was dressed. She had on her usual print gown, with a tippet of nankeen, and a gipsy hat, such as was then the fashion, of coarse black and white straw. She used to plait this straw herself, and make it into hats for her own use and for the children—large, shady, and comfortable, tied across the crown and under the chin with green riband. Her costume was, perhaps, not quite matronly enough, but it suited her circumstances; the lilac print gown washed for ever; the hat was much more convenient than the gigantic bonnets, heavy with feathers and flowers, which were then in vogue—and much more economical besides. With her stately gait and still slender girlish figure, upon which almost anything looked well, I have little doubt, though the Ditchley ladies who met her that day might have set her down as dressed rather oddly and unfashionably, there was something about Mrs. Scanlan's appearance which marked her unmistakably as “the gentlewoman.”

She walked quickly across the common, and through the town, for she wanted to get rid of some ugly thoughts which oppressed her; and besides, whenever a difficulty had to be met, it was her nature to meet it as soon as possible. “If I had to be hanged,” she would say, “I would rather be hanged at once. Reprieves are intolerable.”

It was not often she quitted her own house for other people's now. For months she had not been inside the pretty Rectory, and the sight of it in all its summer beauty aroused old remembrances and vain desires. Desires, not for herself, but for those belonging to her. Had she been alone, she almost thought she would have lived on for ever at Wren's Nest, dilapidated and dreary

though it was growing. But—her children. It was now most difficult to stow them all away within those narrow walls; and, as for making them really comfortable there, the thing could not be done at all.

She counted them over, her pretty flock:—manly César, delicate Adrienne, Louis, who bade fair to be the cleverest of the tribe, Gabrielle growing up with all the health and beauty that her elder sister lacked; Martin and Catherine, baby nonentities still, but fast turning into individualities, like the rest, for the mother's character had impressed itself upon every one of her children. They were not commonplace at all, but had each strong wills and decided tastes. Poor little souls! How hard it would be to repress their dawning talents and aspirations, to bring them up little better than labourers' children, for so it must be—how could it be different? She did not know where even food and clothing were to come from, to say nothing of education. Oh, if she only had a little money; merely the crumbs from the rich man's table—the merest tithe of that wealth which Mr. Oldham spent so carelessly upon this his garden, his conservatories, his beautiful and tasteful house.

She began to think that after all her husband was right in his complaints against fate; that blessings were very unfairly divided, especially money; and that it was hard this childless old bachelor should have so much, and she and her poor young tribe so little. Did the good God look with equal eyes on all? Did He see how she suffered? Was it any use to call upon Him, and ask Him to help her? Not in one of those voluminous and voluble prayers which her husband poured out night and morning, to the phraseology of which she had grown so accustomed that now it all went in at one ear and out at the other. She either never listened at all, or listened with a slight curl of the lip, incredulous both as to the prayer itself, and, God help her, to the Hearer of it also.

Blameworthy she might be—ay, she

was. She ought to have been Christian enough to judge between the sham and the reality; wise enough to know that all the musty human curtains hung between may darken the soul's daylight, but can never blot out the existence of the sun, the great Sun of Righteousness, who shines for ever above and upon us all. But she was also deeply to be pitied; for the man who made this woman half an unbeliever, stood to her in the closest relation that one human being can stand to another, the ruler of her life, the centre of her world, her priest, her lord, her husband.

Usually she was too busy, from hour to hour, and from minute to minute, for these ill thoughts to come; thoughts which, beginning in lack of faith in man, ended in lack of faith towards God: but to-day, in her long, lonely, fatiguing walk, the devil had had full opportunity to attack her. She felt his cruel black wings flapping behind her at every step she took, and she flung the Rectory gate after her with a clang, hoping in that pleasant, peaceful garden, to shut him out, but he would come in. He seemed to jeer at her from under the faded laburnums, and behind the syringa bushes—those mock orange-blossoms, with their faint, sickly smell, sweet at first, but afterwards growing painful to the sense. They reminded her of many marriages, which begin so bright at first, and end, God knows how! Marriages in which nobody is particularly to blame, and of which the only thing to be said is that they were altogether a mistake—a sad mistake.

"But nobody knows it, and nobody ought to know," said to herself this thirteen-years' wife—apropos of nothing external, as she walked on in her rare solitude, thinking she would give herself, and the devil, no more opportunities of the same sort again; and forcibly turning her mind away from other things to the special thing she had that morning to do.

She found Mr. Oldham, not in his study, as she expected, but sitting in his verandah. The day was so hot, and his book so uninteresting, that he had

fallen asleep in his arm-chair. As she came suddenly upon him thus, he looked so withered and wasted, such a forlorn specimen of a solitary old bachelor, with not a creature to look after him, not a soul to care whether he was alive or dead, that the wife and mother who a moment before had been bitterly envying him, now felt a sensation of pity. Her own full, bright home, alive with little voices, and this lonely house and silent garden, where the bees and the birds went on with their humming and singing, as heedless of the old man as if he were not asleep but dead—struck her with forcible contrast, and reproached her unconsciously for all she had been thinking of so bitterly.

She had no time to think more; for Mr. Oldham woke and apologized, in some confusion, for being so discovered.

"But I really do not believe I was asleep, madame; I was only meditating. At my age one has plenty of time for meditation. You, I suppose, have very little?"

"None at all." And the idea of her sitting down, only for ten minutes, idle, with a book in her hand, quite amused Mrs. Scanlan.

The old man seemed much pleased to see her; brought her an arm-chair as comfortable as his own, and thanked her warmly for taking such a long, hot walk, just to pay him a neighbourly visit.

"It is very kind of you; very kind indeed, and you are most welcome too. I am so much alone."

His courteous gratitude smote her conscience painfully. Colouring, almost with shame, she said at once, blurring it out in a confused way, very unlike her ordinary sweet and stately manner,—

"You must not thank me too much, Mr. Oldham, or I shall feel quite a hypocrite. I am afraid my visit to-day was not at all disinterested, in the sense you put it. I had something which I particularly wished to speak to you about."

"I shall be most happy," returned the Rector; and then noticing how far from happy his visitor still looked, he added, "My dear lady, make yourself quite at ease. I like your plain-speak-

ing, even though it does take down an old man's vanity a little. How could I expect you, a busy mother of a family, to waste your valuable time inquiring after the health of a stupid old bachelor like me?"

"Have you been ill? I did not know."

"Nobody did, except Waters; I hate to be gossiped about, as you are aware. I think, Mrs. Scanlan, you and I understand one another pretty well by this time?"

"I hope so," she said, smiling, and taking the hint, asked no more questions about his illness. She noticed that he looked a little worn, and his hands were "shaky," but he was as polite and kind as usual—rather more so, indeed.

"Come, then, we will sit and talk here, and afterwards we will go and look at my roses. I have the finest Banksia you ever saw, just coming into flower."

Banksia roses! and the bitter business that she had to speak about! It was a hard contrast for the Curate's wife: but she made a violent effort, and began. Once begun, it was less difficult to get through with; the Rector helping her by his perfect, yet courteous silence; never interrupting her by word or look till she had got to the end of her tale, and had made, in as brief language as she could put it, her humiliating request. Then he raised his eyes and looked at her—inquiringly, as it seemed, but satisfied; looked away again—and sat drawing patterns on the gravel-walk with his stick.

"What you tell me, Mrs. Scanlan, you probably think I was unacquainted with, but I am not. Your husband has broached the matter to me several times; he did it a week ago, and I gave him an answer—a direct refusal."

"A direct refusal! And he never told me! He allowed me to come and ask you again!"

For a moment Josephine's indignation had got the better of her prudence.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Oldham," added she, rising at once. "I perceive, I ought not to have come here at all. But Mr. Scanlan said——"

She stopped. It was not always safe to repeat what Mr. Scanlan said, without some confirmatory or secondary evidence.

"Mr. Scanlan probably said a great many unnecessary things, as a man does when he is annoyed—and I fear I annoyed him very much that day. But you must pardon me, madame. Your husband is a young man, and he ought to put up a little with an old man like me. So ought you. My dear lady, will you not sit down again, and let us talk the matter quietly over?"

She obeyed, though it went against her grain, sorely. But the Rector was, as he said, an old man, who had been very kind to her and her children. She believed him to be really her friend—in fact, the only friend she had; since forlorn wives, whom the world supposes well protected, are, consequently, the most friendless women alive. Their one stay failing them, they can have no substitute; they must acquire strength enough to stand alone—or drop.

"Mr. Scanlan told me, of course, of the alternative—the fatal alternative, for me"—(here it was difficult to distinguish whether Mr. Oldham meant truth or satire)—"that if his income were not increased he would have to go at once to reside in London. It seems he has admirable prospects there?"

This last sentence, which, though stated as a fact, sounded more like a query, was met by Mrs. Scanlan with a dead silence. In truth, she was so surprised at finding all these things, upon which her husband had bound her to secrecy, made patent by him to the very last person she expected he would have told them to, that she could not find a word to say.

"Or else," pursued Mr. Oldham, "he thinks he has great prospects—which, in a person of my friend Scanlan's enthusiastic temperament, comes to the same thing. But in such important matters I always prefer having the lady's opinion likewise. What do you say? Is it your wish to leave Ditchley?"

"No. Decidedly no."

The old man looked pleased. "I

am glad of that. I should be sorry, madame, that after all these years you liked us so little that you were glad to run away. And besides I cannot feel that there are such vital objections to Ditchley. It is a pretty neighbourhood, with good society, a healthy place for children, and all that. Why should you go to London?"

"My husband wishes it."

"Yes, I remember he said he would be better appreciated there; would attract large congregations; get into the aristocratic evangelical set, and so on. He might; he is a clever man and a most—ahem!—most popular preacher. But at the same time, he might not. As I told him, it is just a chance; and if the chance fails, where is he? Also, where are you and the children?"

Mr. Oldham spoke in such a practical, kindly, common-sense way, having evidently taken in the position and thought it over, in a way that people seldom trouble themselves to think over their friends' affairs—that Mrs. Scanlan was a little relieved. He had not been offended, evidently, whatever unpleasant talk had passed between him and her husband. She felt extremely grateful to the old man, and expressed her gratitude warmly.

"No, no. You have nothing to thank me for; it is quite the other way. And I looked forward to having the pleasure of your society, and my friend Scanlan's, for some years—in fact till my years are done. It would be a great regret to me if you had to leave Ditchley."

"And to me also. In which," added she, recollecting herself, "I am sure my husband would join. He would hesitate very much at giving up his curacy. But necessity has no law." For it seemed as if the object of her visit were slipping away, so she forcibly brought herself back to the point. "It all comes to this, Mr. Oldham: we cannot live upon the income we have from you, and we have no other—not a halfpenny but what you give us."

"Indeed? I feared so, but I never was quite sure of it. You must have a sore pull sometimes. Poor lady!"

He just touched her hand, with which she had grasped the arm of his chair. What a thin hand it was! and marked with traces of toil, not usually seen on a lady's hand. Mrs. Scanlan drew it away at once.

"I do not complain," she said, rather proudly. "I shall make ends meet if I can, but just this year I have been unable to do it, and I feel quite miserable. Do you know, we actually owe fifteen pounds!"

"Fifteen pounds—what an alarming sum!" said the Rector, smiling.

"Not to you, perhaps; but to me it is alarming. It makes me shrink from going through Ditchley High Street. I think all men's eyes must be upon me.—'There is the clergyman's wife, she owes money, and she can't pay, or won't pay;' for how do they know which it is? Oh! Mr. Oldham, you may think lightly of it, but to me it is dreadful—intolerable!"

She spoke earnestly; almost with the tears in her eyes. It was so long since her heart had been opened to anybody, that once beginning to speak, she could not stop herself.

"You see, I never was used to this sort of thing. My father,—ah! if you had known my father! He would have gone hungry—many a time we have both gone hungry—but to go into debt! we would have shuddered at such a thing. Yes, you should have known my father," she repeated, and her tears began to start.

"I have never named the circumstance to you, madame, because it was not necessary," said Mr. Oldham gently; "but once in Paris, at the marriage of Mademoiselle his sister, whom I had met before, and much admired, I had the honour of seeing, for five minutes only, Monsieur le Vicomte de Bougainville."

Greatly astonished, but still unwilling to put questions which Mr. Oldham had evidently no intention of answering—indeed he seemed exceedingly to dislike the subject—Mrs. Scanlan sat silent; and the next moment the butler appeared, announcing lunch.

"You will allow me?" said the Rector, offering her his arm. "After luncheon we shall have an opportunity of talking our little business over."

The Curate's wife roused herself to necessary courtesy, and her courage, which had been slowly ebbing away, faintly revived. During the meal, she and Mr. Oldham conversed together in their usual pleasant way; on his favourite hobbies, his garden and so on; nay, he paid her every attention that he could think of; even sending for a bottle of his most precious Burgundy, in celebration, he said, of the rare honour of having her for his guest. His kindness comforted her even more than his wine.

Besides—alas! for poor mortality—to her, faint from her hot walk, this plentiful meal, more luxurious than any dinner she had had for months; and the peaceful eating of it, surrounded by the quiet atmosphere of wealthy ease, affected her with a sensation of unaccustomed pleasantness. She had never cared for luxuries when she had them: but now, in her long lack of them, they seemed to have acquired an adventitious value. She almost wished she had a beggar's wallet, and a beggar's cool effrontery, that she might take a portion of the delicately-cooked dinner home to her children, especially her sickly Adrienne; and she gazed round the large, cool, airy dining-room with an unconscious sigh.

"You seem to admire this room," said Mr. Oldham, smiling.

"Yes, I always did, you know. The Rectory is, to my mind, the prettiest house in Ditchley. And I have a weakness for all pretty things."

"So have I. And sometimes I think I might indulge it even more than I do; in collecting pictures for instance. But where would be the good of this? to an old bachelor like me, who cannot, at best, enjoy them long; and at my death they would be all dispersed. No, no; I have made up my mind to keep to my old plain ways, and leave extravagance for those that will come after me."

It was the first time Mr. Oldham had ever openly reverted to his heir or heirs. Of course they existed: rich men have

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always a tribe of seventeenth cousins and so on, eager to drop in for what may be left them; but none such had ever appeared at Ditchley. The town and neighbourhood seemed as ignorant on the subject as Mrs. Scanlan; in fact, the general opinion was that Mr. Oldham meant to leave all his money to some charitable institution. He was, she knew, the last of his family—a sad thing in itself, and not a pleasant topic to speak upon with him—so she tried to turn the current of conversation by some commonplace remark; hoping that "those which came after him" would long be kept out of their inheritance.

"Thank you. However, when they do come into it, they will find it safe and sure. I take a good while to make up my mind, but having once made it up, I rarely change it. My heirs may count securely upon their property."

It was an odd remark, and Josephine was puzzled how to reply to it. Of course, it showed Mr. Oldham's friendly spirit towards herself and her interest in his affairs, thus to speak of them to her; but her own business was too near her heart, and she was pardonably in different as to who might or might not inherit Mr. Oldham's money. The humble fortunes of herself and her family were of much more importance to her, just then. Still she would not force the conversation; but she waited with nervous impatience for her host to quit the dining-room and lead the way into his study.

He did so at length; though even when there he settled himself in his chair, and pointed to her to take another, without testifying any immediate intention of beginning the subject which lay so close to her heart.

"Do you ever think of dying, Mrs. Scanlan?"

It was an odd question, odd even to ludicrousness, but she restrained her inclination to see it in that light, and said gravely,—

"In a religious point of view, do you mean, Mr. Oldham?"

"No; a worldly one. Do you consider yourself likely to have a long life?"

"My family were all long-lived, and I am myself, so far as I know, a very healthy person. Yes; I hope I shall live to see all my children grown up. God grant it!"

She slightly sighed. For, when in her last crisis of motherhood she had a nearer risk of her life than ordinary, it had struck her—what, if she were to die, leaving those poor little ones of hers with no shelter, no protection against the hard world, except their father? And since that time she had taken especial care of her own health, and striven hard against a weary longing for rest that sometimes came over her, praying that she might be forgiven for it, and not allowed to die until she was quite an old woman, or until her children needed her no more.

"My life is in God's hands," she resumed, "but, humanly speaking, I see no reason why it should not be a long one. I trust it will be, for my children's sake and my husband's."

"Your husband is less strong than you; at least he always tells me so. When he gets into a melancholy mood, he says he shall never live to be my age."

"I think he will, though," replied Mrs. Scanlan cheerfully, "especially if he has no very hard work, and resides always in the country. Which is one of my strong reasons for disliking to remove to London."

"Stay; we will enter upon that matter presently. Just now I wish to speak to you about—what I did not at first mean to tell you, but have decided that it is better I should—some private affairs of my own. A secret, in short. I know that you can keep a secret."

Mrs. Scanlan bent her head assentingly, wondering what on earth was coming next. Surely, she thought, it is not possible that the old man is going to be married! He was seventy-five, at least; yet such things do happen, even to septuagenarians. But his next sentence removed this doubt.

"It is a secret that you will have to keep for some time—possibly several years. And you must keep it implicitly

and entirely. You must not even tell it to your husband."

"Not tell my husband!" cried Josephine, drawing back. "Then, I think, Mr. Oldham, you had better not confide it to me at all. It is exceedingly difficult—not to enter upon the question of whether it is right or wrong—for any wife to keep a secret from her husband."

"May be; I have never had the advantage of being married, and am certainly not likely now to risk the experiment. But still, in the matter of Mrs. Waters you did not tell your husband."

"That was different," said she, hesitating.

"Nevertheless—here the case stands. Either you must promise not to communicate this fact to your husband, or I cannot confide it to you. And it is important—indeed of the most vital importance—that you should know it."

The Rector spoke decidedly, with that decision which, whenever he chose to exercise it, she was aware was inflexible. He did not care to fight about small things, but in great ones, when his mind was made up, you might as well attempt to move a mountain as Mr. Oldham.

"It is a secret," continued he, "which is exclusively mine; which would do Scanlan no good to learn, and might do him considerable harm. The greatest kindness I can show him, I honestly believe, is to keep it from him."

"Then why tell it to me?"

"Because you are another sort of a person. It could not possibly harm you, and might be useful to you in some degree—you and the children. I advise you to hear it, if only for the sake of the children."

"I hate mysteries," said Mrs. Scanlan uneasily, and turning over in her mind what this secret of the Rector's could possibly be; was it any difficulty between him and his bishop, in which Mr. Scanlan was also concerned? Or was it—this suggestion occurred to her as most probable—something relating to Mr. Scanlan's future; perhaps his chance of the next presentation to the living of Ditchley, on Mr. Oldham's

decease? The Rector's next words confirmed her in this idea.

"I hate mysteries, too, madame, unless they are quite unavoidable, as this is. I ask from you a plain Yes or No, nor can I give you any more information to influence you on the matter, except that when you know my secret, I believe, I am almost sure, that you will not think it necessary to go and live in London."

The temptation was sore. "Oh! Mr. Oldham," she said piteously, "why do you try me so hard?"

"I do it for your own good. Do you think I don't feel for you, my poor girl?" and his tone was almost paternal in its kindness. "But the circumstances of the case are quite inevitable. Either you must accept my secret, and keep it from your husband, and from every human being during my lifetime, or I shall consider the conditions void; and all things shall be as if they had never been."

"I do not understand——"

"There is no necessity that you should understand. Only, will you trust me? Have I not always been a good friend to you? Can you not believe that I shall remain so to the last? And I give you my honour—the honour of the last of the Oldhams"—added he with a sort of proud pathos, that went right to the heart of this mother of a rising race, "that what I ask of you will never trouble you, or grieve you, or compromise you in the smallest degree. It is my secret. I might have kept it from you to the last, only," with an air of amused benevolence, "I think you will be the better for hearing it. I think, too, that Scanlan himself would urge you to accept my conditions—if he knew."

"Let me tell him," pleaded the wife. "Let me just tell my husband that there is a secret; which he must allow me to keep, even from himself, for the present."

Mr. Oldham shook his head. "You Quixotic woman! You are like Charity, that 'believeth all things, hopeth all things.' But I know better. No, no. Don't mistake me. I like Scanlan very

much. He is a clever fellow; a pleasant fellow; he suits me as a curate. I never wish to part from him. Still, my dear lady, you do not require me to tell you that—that—" he hesitated—"Mrs. Scanlan is a very superior person to her husband."

Poor Mr. Oldham! in his ignorant bachelorhood, he had not a suspicion of the effect his compliment would produce.

The blood rushed violently into Josephine's face; she drew herself up with a haughtiness which he had never before seen.

"Sir!—Mr. Oldham!—you cannot surely mean what you are saying. Let us dismiss this subject, and confine ourselves entirely to the matter in hand—the matter my husband sent me to discuss with you. May we enter upon it at once? for I must go home to my children."

Mr. Oldham regarded her a moment, and then held out his hand almost humbly.

"Pardon, madame. I was forgetting myself, and speaking to you as if you were my daughter. You almost might have been. I was once in love with a lady very like you."

There was a slight twitch in the withered face, and the momentary emotion passed. Who the "lady" was, Mrs. Scanlan did not, of course, ask him. Years afterwards she had reason to think it might have been her aunt, that beautiful Mademoiselle Josephine de Bougainville who died young, soon after her marriage, which had been a marriage *de convenance*; but the real facts, buried far back in long forgotten years, Josephine never inquired into, and never learnt.

"The matter in hand, as you termed it," resumed Mr. Oldham, "is easily settled. I like you—I like your husband. I wish him to remain my curate as long as I live. Therefore, tell me how much income you think necessary for your comfort, and you shall have it. Give me my cheque-book there, state your sum, and we will arrange the matter at once. And now, may I tell you my secret?"

Mrs. Scanlan had listened in wondering thankfulness, too great for words; but now she recoiled. Evidently the old man was bent upon his point, and upon exacting his conditions to the letter. Her strait was very hard. The simple duty of a wife—to hide nothing from her husband; to hear nothing that she will require to hide—Josephine never doubted for a moment; but hers was an exceptional case.

She knew well enough, and was convinced the Rector knew, that Edward Scanlan was the last man in the world to be trusted with a secret. At least, so she should have said of him had he been any other man than her husband—and did his being her husband alter the facts of the case, or her judgment upon it? We may be silent concerning the weak points of our nearest and dearest; but to ignore them, to be wilfully blind to them, to refuse to guard against them, is, to any prudent and conscientiously-minded person, clearly impossible.

Could it be that in refusing the Rector's conditions, which her judgment told her he, who knew her husband's character as well as she did, was warranted in exacting, she was straining at gnats and swallowing camels? setting up a sham eidolon of wifely duty, and sacrificing to it the interests of her whole family, including her husband's?

"Are you sure it will never harm him—that he will never blame me for doing this?"

"Scanlan blame you?—Oh! no. Quite impossible," answered the Rector, with a slight curl of the lip. "I assure you, you may quiet all apprehensions on that score. He will consider it the best thing you could possibly do for him."

Yet, still poor Josephine hesitated. That clear sense of the right, which had always burnt in her heart with a steady flame, seemed flickering to and fro, turned and twisted by side winds of expediency. The motto of the De Bougainville family, "*Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra*," rung in her ears with a mocking iteration. In her girlhood she had obeyed it always—had dared everything, doubted nothing.

Could wifehood and motherhood have made her less honourable, less brave?

"Come," said Mr. Oldham, "this is too important a matter for you to give, or me to take, a rash answer. There is a blank cheque, fill it up as you think fair. And meantime go into the garden and look at my roses, just for a quarter of an hour."

With gentle force he led her to the French window of his study, handed her through and closed it behind her, shutting her out alone in the sunshiny garden.

Therein she wandered about for fully the prescribed time. What inward struggle she went through, who can know? Whether she was able to satisfy herself that she was doing right; that circumstances justified what, in most other women's case, would actually be wrong, and she would have been the first to pronounce wrong—who can tell? Or, perhaps, goaded on by the necessities of her hard lot, she deliberately set aside the question of whether her act was right or wrong, and was determined to do it—for her children's sake. If anything could turn a woman into a thief, a murderess, a sinner of any sort, I think it would be for the love of, or the terror for, her children.

I do not plead for Josephine Scanlan, I only pity her. And I feel—ay, I feel it even with my own husband's honest eyes looking into mine—that, had my lot been hers, I should have acted exactly the same.

She came back to Mr. Oldham.

"Well, my dear lady, have you decided?"

"Yes. You may tell me anything you like, and so long as you live I will keep your secret faithfully."

"As you did Mrs. Waters'?"

"That was a different matter—but I will keep your secret too—even from my husband."

"Thank you." And Mr. Oldham shook her hand warmly. "You shall never regret the—the sacrifice."

But now that he had her promise, he seemed in no hurry to claim it. He finished writing out the cheque, putting

in a sum a little beyond that which she had named, and then taking up his hat and stick, composedly accompanied her round the garden, pointing out his favourite flowers and his various improvements.

"That Banksia rose, is it not fine? I shall train it all over the verandah. Indeed, I have thought of making a proper rosery, or rosarium; but it would be expensive, and is hardly worth while, since the Rectory comes into other hands at my death. Oldham Court, however, will be the property of my successor—and a very fine property it is—quite unencumbered. My heirs might run through it in no time; however, I shall take care to prevent that. My friend and executor, Dr. Waters, and my lawyer, are both remarkably acute, firm, and honourable men."

"Oh! yes," replied poor Josephine, answering at random, for her patience was at its last gasp. But still Mr. Oldham went on talking—she scarcely heard what—about everything except the important secret; and not until the very last minute, when he had let her out at the gate and stood leaning against it, still conversing with her, and regarding her in a tender, wistful sort of way, did he refer to what he had to tell.

"I am laying on you a heavy burthen, you think, Mrs. Scanlan? Perhaps it

is so. But be easy, you may not have to bear it very long. Only during my lifetime."

"That may be, I trust, many years."

"And, possibly, not one year. I had a slight seizure the other day, which made me arrange all my affairs. But do not speak of this. It is of no consequence. Go home now, and mind, what I have to tell you must make no difference there; everything must go on as heretofore. Only you need not come to me again, looking the picture of despair, as you did to-day."

"Well, I do not return in despair, thanks to your kindness. And on my next visit I will take care to put on my best looks, and bring a child or two with me, to amuse myself and you. Shall I?"

"Certainly. Yours are charming children, and—" he added, becoming suddenly grave, "do not torment yourself any more about their future; it is not necessary. This is my secret—a very simple one. Yesterday I made my will, and I left you my heiress. Not a word. Adieu!"

He turned, and walked quickly back into his garden. Mrs. Scanlan stood, transfixed with astonishment, at the Rectory gate; and then, there being nothing else left for her to do, she also turned and walked home.

To be continued.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MISS YONGE.

-II. DIDACTIC FICTION.

THE reign of didactic fiction for children was inaugurated by the Edgeworth family, who produced a great and lasting effect upon education and juvenile study. It is always difficult to believe that they were Irish, so unlike was the whole tone of character to the ordinary national one, except in a certain ardour and intolerance. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, husband to four wives in succession, father of twenty children, and with a true genius in his eldest daughter, had certainly unusual facilities for studying "practical education," and between himself and his daughter Maria much that was really wise and valuable was enunciated, though mixed with a good deal that was absurd and pragmatism. He was the first who impressed the public mind with the seemingly wise but excessively foolish maxim, that nothing should be taught to children that they cannot understand. It is almost inconceivable that a man with so many young people around him should have been so utterly blind to that curiously disproportionate power of memory with which childhood is gifted, as if for the very purpose of accumulating stores for future use, as well as to the almost equal delight in the mysterious and half comprehended. Such instincts are absolutely condemned by him as either conceit or imitation, or the mere love of pretty sounds. He would allow children to enter no temple of wisdom that their own rushlight cannot thoroughly illuminate, to tread no path which their reason does not accept—never to be satisfied without replies to their ever-recurring "why and wherefore." Nothing is too grand, mysterious, and sacred, too precious or too important, to be either reduced to their level or ignored: the discipline of unquestioning obedience,

the duty of enforced attention, the reverence of awe, the joy of beauty beyond comprehension, are all denied to them. In truth, Richard Edgeworth must have been singularly deficient either in imagination or sense of beauty. Looking back at the joint works of himself and his daughter, it is strange to find how little there is of sense of admiration. There is actual condemnation of any sort of purchase for the sake of pleasing the eye; the strongest appreciation of the beauties of scenery that we can remember is of the oaks of Wootton—of poetry, of Darwin's Botanic Garden, and of Pope's gaudy and falsified translation of Homer's moonlight simile; music is never dwelt on, and even in childhood we were scandalized at the utter indifference to a picture-gallery supposed to be natural to the young, when we remembered gazing with strange dreamy delight at, among others, a copy of the Madonna della Sedia, at Paul Potter's Evening, and at Erminia and her shepherds in the National Gallery.

Practice was probably better than theory in Mr. Edgeworth. An able man, always instructing his children, and exciting them to activity of mind, he had no means of seeing that the never putting a spade into ground that could not easily be dug up, led to unwillingness ever to go deep; and that reading nothing not easily understood might be a habit retained through life. He did much by awakening attention in parents, and showing them useful methods; and his daughter, a genius far beyond himself, gave a life and animation to all his tenets, which carried them far and wide.

Their first joint juvenile work, the "Parent's Assistant," was, we believe,

intended to supplement the "Evenings at Home." It is curious to see how Maria Edgeworth's dramatic power made this, compared with those little polished hard pebbles, a chain of bright crystals reflecting every phase of childhood in true and brilliant colours, but still—just not diamonds.

Another thing that is strange is, how such sticklers for accuracy and truth committed such strange pieces of negligence and ignorance as are to be found in the "Parent's Assistant." Had they no Eton friends to describe to them the absurdities of their Montem? Did they not know the Neapolitan nature better than to make the public opinion of the children drum out of the market-place a boy convicted of lying and cheating? Did they really suppose that, even in glass hives, bees amiably allowed their mistress to come, like "Simple Susan," with a spoon, and help herself to a slice of their comb without more ado; and did they imagine Hereford Cathedral¹ to be solely the charge of a churchwarden? Was this the consequence of the father Edgeworth's complacency in his universal knowledge, or was it the effect of that generation's happy immunity from criticism?

Sir Walter Scott was a great admirer of "Simple Susan," and was heard to say that "when the boy brings back the lamb to the little girl, there is nothing for it but to put down the book and cry." We can imagine him to have worked up his own feelings to this pitch when reading to his children, or mayhap to the gifted little Marjorie Fleming, who, amidst the much stronger (not to say tainted) meats mentioned in her diary, speaks of "Miss Eg-worth's tales" with passing approbation. In general, Maria seldom ventures on the pathetic, and only successfully in a few Irish portraits. Usually, she is as cold as she is clear, and perhaps is therefore all the more wholesome reading for children, whose susceptibilities are much better left unstirred by mere fiction. "Simple Susan," "Lazy Lawrence," the

"Orphans," and "Waste not, Want not," are the best tales in the "Parent's Assistant." The Orphans, as well as the "scotching" children on the road to Dunstable, do indeed perform wonderful feats, but a belief in infinite possibility is dear to the young, and very good for them. Mademoiselle Panache is a portrait of a class of French governesses which we suppose existed in those days. It is only made good for children by the clever painting of the young Helen's hasty friendship, and foolish love of making trumpery presents—a fashion over-prevalent in our day. The "Flagree Basket" is thoroughly Edgeworthian. Poor Rosamond, who here first saw the light, is dumbfounded by her wise father and mother's inquiries, why a person's birthday should be kept more than any other day of her life; and her attempts at present-making are not directed, nor assisted, but permitted to stultify themselves. This was part of the system, and on her next appearance in "Early Lessons," this poor, ill-used child is, by way of wholesome lesson, allowed to give the price of a needful pair of shoes for a purple jar in a chemist's shop, without being warned that the colour is not resident in the glass, but only in the liquid within. If it ever happened, it was a most unjustifiable trick! Yet some of the lessons to Rosamond upon present or future enjoyment have lasted us our life. The minor morals of life have never been better treated than by Maria Edgeworth. "Principles," as she calls them—by which is meant religious faith producing obedience to moral precepts—are taken for granted; and the good sense, honour, and expediency of life are the theme. It is a high-minded expediency, the best side of Epicureanism. Honesty is the best policy, but policy it always is: success is always the object and the reward, but it is not a showy, gaudy gratification of vanity, although it may be of pride. Truth and moral courage are evidently the favourite qualities, and honour is kept very high and true. There is also a contempt for mere pleasures of the senses, which is very wholesome; a

¹ Popular Tales, "The Limerick Gloves."

disdain for sugar-plums and fine clothes, which it would be well to renew in the present generation.

Something of this was due to the reaction in favour of simplicity that preceded the French Revolution. The grand severity of the classic philosopher was the ideal. The sight of the foul orgies of the French court and noblesse, and the still coarser and ruder revels of English rakes, made a strict regimen noble and beautiful in comparison. Every better instinct awoke in favour of the avoidance of all manner of excess. Religion, then reviving in a stern puritanical form, strongly supported this spirit of abstemiousness; with what effect is testified by our fine elderly men, slender eaters, often water drinkers, looking with disgust at food taken at irregular times, despising smoking simply on the ground of its being a mere bodily indulgence; and utterly unable to comprehend the theory of later times which prizes physical indulgence as a right and attribute of the complete human creature. Alcibiades, rather than Aurelius, has become the modern model.

But we have wandered from Richard Edgeworth and the pedantic maxims or proverbs which he set his daughter to illustrate, and between the narrow banks of which her bright genius flowed through the twelve volumes of "Popular, Moral, and Fashionable Tales." We wish that some of these could be published afresh, apart from the rest, for they are a great mixture, and some are by no means fitted for the young (for whom indeed they were not intended). "Manœuvring," "Vivian," "Ennui," and "The Absentee," in "Fashionable Tales;" the "Bad French Governess," in "Moral Tales;" and the less known "Legacy," in "Popular Tales,"—are all admirable novelettes. "Lame Jervis" is much too interesting to be forgotten, and would be much liked by the lads of a parish library; and the "Good Aunt," the "Good French Governess," in "Moral Tales," "Emilie de Coulanges," and "Madame de Fleury" in the "fashionable" volumes, would make a charming book for young people. The last of

these is, we believe, a veritable history of a benevolent lady; and nothing can be better than the lesson in "Emilie de Coulanges" against spoiling generosity in great things by fretful exactions in little ones. There is something very touching in the manner in which the French emigrant noblesse occur in several of these stories, with their distresses, their strange resources, and their unfailing cheerfulness; but Madame de Coulanges and her daughter Emilie are the best of all, the one in her frivolity, the other in her sweetness. Another capital story among the "Moral Tales" is the "L'Amie Inconnue," where the romantic girl absolutely runs away from home to throw herself into the arms of the authoress of certain Rosa Matilda novels, with whom she has enjoyed a sentimental correspondence. We believe the idea was taken from the "Female Quixote" (which, however, we have never seen), but it is carried out with more wit, and less caricature, than Mr. Paget's "Lucretia."

"Early Lessons" began under Mr. Edgeworth's superintendence, but by and by they developed into their far more charming sequels. Frank—though a little too much of an Edgeworthian Emile—is a real, fresh, bright boy, with his fits of idleness and self-improvement, his beloved pony Felix, his magnificent attempt at an orrery, and his regrets that he cannot be a self-taught genius. We have no doubt that he is exactly what a well-disposed Edgeworthian boy would be, and to our childhood he was a dear friend and companion. Rosamond is quite equal as a portrait, and some of the lessons to which she gives occasion still remain unapproached in excellence. Excuses, airs and graces, and false daring and timidity (see the Black Lane), are all treated with a light grace and good sense, perhaps, only surpassed in the "Conversations d'Emilie" mentioned above.

We hear that children dislike these books now, as being dry. Is it the natural impatience of the last generation's fashions, or is it that they are

too much used to sentiment, rapid incident, and broad fun, to appreciate quiet detail? As to "Harry and Lucy," a certain exertion of mind is necessary for reading it, and Scott, whose imaginative nature would naturally shrink from science and mechanics, laughed at it; but we hold to its real value. First principles are capitally explained, and better popularised than we have ever seen them elsewhere, and they are well relieved by characteristic sketches of that thorough girl Lucy, and her plodding, persevering brother. That long journey of theirs, through the Black Country and among the Staffordshire potteries, will long be memorable in our eyes, and all the more so because they travelled post in their own carriage, and relieved the way with sense and nonsense, ranging from Humboldt's travels to "the grand Panjandrum himself." Miss Edgeworth seldom came nearer to pathos than in the account of Harry's accident; and the day during his convalescence, when Lucy insisted on "feeding him on nothing but plums," has acted as a salutary warning to us through life.

These works of Maria Edgeworth's spread through a long space, reaching from the youth of the grandmothers to that of the mothers of the present generation. Their influence was very wide, and scarcely anything of equal importance rose up coevally with them, not at least in the same style. All the "story-books" of the period bear their impress, and have the same coldness without the same freshness. Even Mary Russell Mitford, though writing so deliciously of children, could not write for them. She saw them from outside, not from within, and her juvenile tales are not spontaneous overflows of good-humoured love of village nature seen through rose-coloured spectacles, but all smack of being done as task-work for the *Annuals* that preceded the more modern magazines, of which there were none for children except a very clever "*Juvenile Spectator*." Mrs. Holland was, perhaps, the most voluminous writer, but in general she

wearisomely exaggerated the Edgeworth fashion of making children support the whole family by wonderful exertions and inventions. Now children have no objection to see themselves made valuable and important, but Mrs. Holland's sons and daughters of genius do not remain children after the first few pages, and after exertions and successes beyond the reach of sympathy, pass into the uninteresting grown-up world. Her "*Rich Boys and Poor Boys*," and "*Young Crusoe*," seem to our memory her only really interesting books. But among all the juvenile library of this date, how shines out Mary Lamb's "*Mrs. Leicester's School*!" It is one of those books of real force and beauty that made a mark in our mind long, long ere we knew that books had authors, and that authors had different degrees of fame. The volume was not our own, but was devoured at a young companion's house, certainly before our eleventh year. The child leading her uncle to her mother's tombstone, the little changeling, the Mahomedan fever, the church bells that were taken for angels singing, all dwelt with us in a delightful dream that we longed to renew, and when the next opportunity came it led to dire disgrace, for we sat a whole afternoon shut up in a book-cupboard with Mrs. Leicester's wonderful scholars, utterly unsociable and deaf to the more commonplace living companions. It is a book that is nearly safe from becoming forgotten. Another really clever book was Mrs. Penrose's "*Mrs. Markham's Children's Friend*," which contained some capital stories and dramas, with more of the element of fun than was often found in books of the time. An early production of Agnes Strickland (we believe) stands out in our mind as full of interest. It was called "*The Rival Crusoes*," and gave the story of a youth, who had been taken by a press-gang to oblige a tyrannical marquess, finding himself *l'île-d'île* on a desert island with the nobleman's midshipman son. How the two youths held aloof in pride and hatred, how they found themselves silently burying their com-

rades together, how they stalked apart in gloom, till Philip, missing Lord Robert, found him nearly dead of fever, and how they were fast friends long before they were rescued, is well told, and raises the book far above the ordinary desert island. "Leila," Miss Fraser Tytler's much-loved island story, is the most improbable of all. It is less good than her "Mary and Florence," her only real imagination, and the second and third parts are almost absurd for their crowd of improbabilities.

Worthy, too, was Mrs. Whateley's "Reverses, or the Fairfax Family," a book with something of the stiff wisdom of the time, but full of character, and almost historical from the picture of a voyage to, and settlement in, Canada before the days of steam. There are two excellent fairy tales, which are almost unique in their endeavour to treat fairies with proper respect to their traditions. For fifty years, fairyland had been under a ban. The reading of fairy tales had, from Madame de Genlis downwards, been treated as an intolerable folly; and if the poor things were mentioned at all, it was in the most arbitrary manner. Sometimes they became the torments of the naughty, sometimes the rewarders of the good, sometimes they were beneficent or malevolent old ladies, sometimes poor little sprites, loaded with priggishness. They became actual moral qualities, like Order and Disorder; kept halls of discipline, or, worse still, of science and natural history; and the only thing not dreamt of, was that they belonged to a beautiful and curious system of popular mythology, which it was a pity arbitrarily to confuse. Mrs. Whateley, however, from no doubt an innate sense of the fitness of things, made her fairies suit with genuine elfin lore, even while they had a moral, and a very good one.

In fact, we have omitted the first real good fairy book that had found its way to England since "Puss in Boots" and Co.: we mean Mr. Edgar Taylor's translation and selection of Grimm's collection under the title of "German Popular Tales," with admirable illus-

trations by Cruikshank. Here was once again the true unadulterated fairy tale, and happy the child who was allowed to revel in it—perhaps the happier if under protest, and only permitted a sweet daily taste. We rejoice to see that the whole book, illustrations and all, has been reproduced by Mr. Hotten, with a preface by Mr. Ruskin. It is a much safer and better-weeded book than the fuller collection illustrated by Wehnert, and published by Addy, but without Mr. Taylor's excellent notes.

Croker's "Irish Tales" followed, and, though not professedly intended for children, were soon heartily loved. Once for all, let us state our opinion of fairy lore. It has become the fashion to speak of children and fairy tales as though they naturally belonged together, and so they do, but it is the genuine—we had almost said authentic—fairy tale, taken in moderation, that is the true delight of childhood. The trumpery, arbitrary, moral fairy only spoils the taste of the real article; and the burlesque fairyland is still worse, for its broad fun, slang, and modern allusion destroy the real poetry and romance of childhood, and foster that unnatural appetite for the facetious which is the bane of the young. Why should the lovely princes and princesses, the dreamy groves and glittering palaces, that childish imagination ought to revel in, and brighten its sense of the unseen, be made mere occasions for trumpery parodies, and lowered to make Cockneys laugh? The burlesque has found its way into children's literature, and is fast vulgarizing every sweet nook of fairyland, which has come to be considered as a mere field for pantomime. A real traditional fairy tale is a possession.

"Tales from the Norse" is nearly as good, in its way, as "German Popular Tales," and infinitely better in style; and we were lately edited by the delight which a family of young children took in Miss Frere's "Old Decan," proving, we suppose, the congeniality of the Aryan tale. Mrs. Craik has made an excellent collection of old

English fairy-tales in her "Book of Fairies" in the "Golden Treasury;" and with these, and those we have mentioned above, young people would be provided with the real classics of fairy lore, and would soon learn to regard them with the same sort of respect as the conclave of Olympus, with whom no one now-a-days thinks of taking liberties. The pseudo-fairy, whether moral or comic, is an absolute injury to both taste and antiquarianism.

Far away, indeed, was the whole supernatural world banished by the educationalists who, in the track of Tutor, George, and Harry, in "Evenings at Home," strove to improve the young mind. Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues," and Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry," were as stiff as if they had not been broken into question and answer with names inserted; we believe they were sound and correct as far as they went, but the century has gone on too fast for them, and Mrs. Marcet is better known now by her "Seasons," the "Willie Book," as it is still tenderly called in many a nursery where it is the first step in literature beyond "Little Charles." And her "Mary's Grammar" is precious in the schoolroom.

Walks with fathers, uncles, mothers, maiden aunts and governesses, were made to teach everything imaginable,—commerce, mineralogy, the Wars of the Jews, botany, geography,—all being decorated with dainty little steel engravings, two or three in a page. We remember diligently extracting the small sandwiches of story, and carefully avoiding the improving substance. One successful writer may, however, be honourably mentioned,—Maria Hack. Her "Winter Evenings, or Tales of Travellers," are admirable, and are the more valuable now, as the books they are taken from have drifted out of reach. They are far the best of their class, and stand unrivalled even in these days. She likewise put a certain Harry Beaufoy through three series of conversations, diluting Paley's "Natural Theology," Keith's "Evidence of Prophecy," and geology at about the Buck-

land era. These are all delightful in their way. It was our "entering" with geology, and served as a foundation to all subsequently learnt. Her "True Stories from Ancient History," and ditto from modern, were also good in their line, the former the best, inasmuch as it is minced Rollin, while the other is only minced "Russell's Modern Europe." But they belong to a class whose commencement was with the ever memorable and fascinating "Tales of a Grandfather," a book thoroughly fulfilling its design of being easy enough for childhood, and yet of not being too puerile for manhood to be interested in. Its description of the removal of Bruce's remains always has seemed to us one of the most perfect specimens of simplicity and pathos that was ever produced. No child's history has ever come near it for beauty; but then who could hope to write like Scott, and on his own familiar ground? Croker's "Stories from the History of England" come nearest to it in charm of manner, but *longo intervallo*; and all the rest, Mrs. Markham's, Lady Callcott's, Miss Sewell's, and many more, though very good for those who want to learn history, do not teach history by their own charm. We mean Lady Callcott's "Spain." Her "Little Arthur's England," though happening to be just in the style that children like and understand, is so full of inaccuracies of fact that we wonder no subsequent edition has corrected them.

Another variety of books sprang up in the early part of this century; namely, the Sunday story, or religious fiction. Hannah More's Cheap Repository Tracts had long been almost alone, when Mrs. Sherwood, just before she went out to India, published a little tale called "Susen Gray," and after an absence of nearly twenty years came home and found it universally read and pirated. It is a short story of a village girl, who is apprenticed to a dress-maker, and shows great firmness in resisting the addresses of a young officer, backed by her wicked mistress. Finally she is driven to such straits that she

runs away in a thunderstorm, reaches her native village, and dies of decline. One would not have thought this a very desirable story for children, but from its beginning with young girls, and from the religious talk therein contained, it was regarded as a Sunday study, and the peculiar prettiness of Mrs. Sherwood's writings rendered it a great favourite. The young women for whom it was primarily intended read it with great avidity, but we have our doubts whether it was beneficial; we suspect that the rank of Susan's lover gave it one charm in their eyes.

Mrs. Sherwood's writing is peculiar. Her descriptions of all that is pleasant to the young have a certain simplicity and earnestness of detail that go to the very heart's core, and some of her strangest episodes are told with a naïve straightforwardness, that may be either dry humour or the utter absence of it. Her "Stories on the Catechism," though about a little Mary, are cast in barracks in India; and her heroine, a sergeant's daughter, illustrates, or sees illustrated, the breach of the Commandments one after another, without mincing matters, while the lessons at the end of each chapter reflect the shifting opinions of a very untaught and conceited though pious mind. "The Fairchild Family" has more of her felicitous descriptions, and the gusto with which she dwells on new dolls and little tea-drinkings with good old ladies earned fervent love for the book, not diminished by the absolutely sensational naughtiness of Henry, Lucy, and Emily, and the dreadful punishments they underwent. Their second part is even worse than most second parts, but their first is, we suspect, still dear to many. Mrs. Sherwood was first in the field of pious slaughter: "Henry and his Bearer," and the feminine counterpart, "Lucy and her Dhayè," were both Anglo-Indian children pining to convert their native attendant and dying in the meantime. "Emma and her Nurse" follows in the same line, only the nurse-girl converts the child she waits on, and watches her death-bed; and a crowd of other tales of

all sizes were so written as to touch a certain chord of sentiment never before appealed to in the same style, and inculcating a kind of Calvinistic piety. Mrs. Sherwood ranged all over the world, in all times. The poor Shepherd-Lord Clifford is brought in as an advanced Calvinist. Thanks to Lollardism, we have the "Vaudois Persecutions," and then again an Italian "Nun," whom at one time we used to admire unspeakably. No doubt Mrs. Sherwood was an effective writer, and a little discipline and real instruction would have raised her much higher. Her "Faithful Little Girl" is, we believe, her very best specimen, combining high aims, home truths, and a very beautiful and practical allegory, tenderly and well told and explained.

Her sister, Mrs. Cameron, shared her labours, and produced many nice little practical books. "The Polite Little Children" is one that ought to be brought to light again for its excellence. Mrs. Sherwood was the mother of two genera of books—the religious story of the poor and of the rich. The Religious Tract Society was soon spreading pious little tales of both classes far and wide—tales which inculcated sudden conversion, and very frequently ended in an early death, yet which still had a certain spirit and earnestness which made them attractive in spite of their sameness, and gained them a strong hold upon many minds. We would mention among the most really notable books of this school, "Anna Ross," the story of a little girl of nine years old, whose father is wounded at Waterloo, and who goes with her mother to nurse him. On arriving, their meeting with his funeral is described in a really touching manner. The mother, already much out of health, sinks under the shock, and Anna is to spend half a year with each of her guardian uncles in succession, and then to choose with which of them shall be her home. Her first six months are spent in a fashionable school-room at Edinburgh, with a disagreeable governess, and cross, frivolous cousins, and in an alternation of difficult lessons

and stiff appearances in the drawing-room. The second period is passed in a manse among the mountains, with the kindest of uncles and aunts, and well-brought up cousins, all full of helpfulness and good nature, though of course without the luxuries of riches to which Anna had become accustomed. Then the choice is made, and Anna, of course, chooses the Manse, where her return is celebrated by a most charmingly described succession of bonfires upon every hill, and we feel that she is perfectly happy, and rejoice with her. The weak point in the book seems to us to be that it is no sacrifice, but the reverse, for Anna to remain with the good uncle. The fine clothes, and driving in a currie, and the hopes of future fortune are not by any means likely to counterbalance the charms of the free life of the moorland manse; and if the author means to make comparison of a worldly life with a religious one, she made the contrast stronger than it would necessarily have been. There was nothing to dazzle Anna at her Uncle Ross's schoolroom, nothing to repel her from her Uncle Murray's manse, but it may be well to leave children's sympathies enlisted against the gaiety which certainly is not sufficient for happiness.

Most of the tales of this kind are open to much graver objections. Without pausing to consider the doctrine they teach, the manner of it is undesirable, because obtrusive. Little children amaze their elders, and sometimes perfect strangers, by sudden inquiries whether they are Christians, or as to their personal love for God; they judge their superiors, and utter sentiments which are too apt to pass for practice; while the mixture of sentimentality with religion, the direful judgments brought on the unconverted, and the prominence given to feeling and conscious piety, are all undesirable. Moreover, when the Tract Society had pledged itself to introduce the central doctrine of the Christian Faith in every publication, of whatever size, it undertook what was not possible without

frequent irreverence. Much was doubtless done towards establishing a high standard of purity of reading, and beguiling the hours of the Sunday that once were weary; but something was also done towards rendering habits frivolous, and promoting the notion that a tale interlarded with religious reflections is a religious study. Example is often very precious, and establishes a maxim better than many comments, but the maxim and its deep why and wherefore are apt to be smothered under the Ellens and Lucys who are meant to bring it into action.

The species has of late culminated in "Ministering Children," a book multiplied by thousands, owing to a certain pleasantness of practical detail in the early pages, running on into the mawkish sweetness and sentiment that is peculiarly acceptable to a certain stage of development in children and in nursery maids. The two American books, "The Wide Wide World" and "Queechy," have much the same claim to popularity—enhanced, however, by a real freshness and beauty of description in dealing with life in American farm-houses, and scenes in the depths of the forests. But these, as well as many more for which we have a much greater regard, have the very grave and really injurious effect of teaching little girls to expect a lover in any one who is good-natured to them. Nothing ought to be more rigidly avoided, for it fills the child with foolish expectations and dreams, which poison her simplicity of mind and her present enjoyment. It is true that many beautiful lifelong attachments have dated from early childhood, but these must be spontaneous, not the effect of imitation. Nothing is prettier in real life, or in a story, than such affections, but we would entreat writers to withstand the temptation of representing them, and to recollect that though boys seldom are influenced by story-books, yet that girls are, and that theirs being the passive side, unable to take the initiative, is exactly that which it is most cruel to impress with vain aspirations.

Fortunately, most healthily constituted children become weary of a story so soon as it touches upon the sentiment of love, but it is those who do like to dwell upon it, that should least be permitted what can be suggestive of application to themselves.

Belonging to this genus, yet rising above it by force of cleverness, is Miss Sinclair's "Holiday House," where the quaint naughtiness of the children, and their unrivalled power of getting into scrapes, is delightful, and the conversation as amusing as it is improbable, being one continued succession of good things—perpetual rockets fired off impartially by Grandmother, Uncle, Nurse Crabtree, and naughty children, till we stand amazed at such a blaze of wittiness, and do not feel in the least prepared to find ourselves beside the ordinary stamp of pious death-bed. Miss Sinclair, however, deferred to a second part the novelish termination, and we defy any child to anticipate that Laura is there married to the converted Peter Gray. Indeed, the conclusion looks as if it had been written to please some youthful admirers of the original book.

Of course there are many more stories of this description than we have space to mention. It is a class that is generally given up to utter reprobation by the critical world, the very words, "a

religious tale," being almost contemptuous. The real flaw, of course, is that the author, as the Providence of the book, can twist the narrative to point the moral, and sometimes does so unjustifiably, as in a story we dimly recollect where the white feathers of a riding-hat are one day envied, and shortly after are seen (we used to think they were the same) on their late owner's hearse. The principle of "Don't care came to a bad end" ought not to be too often followed out. But a "religious tale," overloaded with controversy, and with forced moral, should be carefully distinguished from a tale constructed on a strong basis of religious principle, which attempts to give a picture of life as it really is seen by Christian eyes. The leader in such writing was Manzoni, whose "Promessi Sposi" has always seemed to us the type of the novel of the religious mind. It is, of course, not a book for mere children, and we would deprecate the reading it merely by way of an Italian lesson, as there are long regions of desert in it that might deter a laborious reader, and we only mention it here as showing what the right sort of religious tale may be, drawing out the poetry of all that is good, enlisting the sympathies on behalf of purity, faith, and forgiveness, and making vice hateful and despicable.

To be continued.

THE LEGEND OF THE PRINCESS TARAKANOF.

BY W. R. S. RALSTON.

MANY of the visitors to the Paris Exhibition of 1867 will remember a striking picture in the Russian section, representing the interior of a cell in the Petropavlovsky Fortress at St. Petersburg, during the great inundation of 1777. It is a picture which cannot fail to produce a strong and a very painful impression on all who see it. Through the broken window of the cell the turbid water is pouring in a great wave: the room is already half flooded, and will soon be completely submerged. On the bed a young girl is standing, pale and evidently half fainting with fear, and a number of mice are swimming towards it, or, like her, have already taken refuge upon it. The bare aspect of the dreary prison-chamber contrasts strongly with the richness of the young girl's dress, worn and faded as it is, and so does the wild look of despair upon her face with the beauty of the features and the grace of the form of one who seems to have been fitted for far other scenes, for a widely different fate. Few of the spectators who saw this picture of Flavitsky's turned away from it without a wish to know something about the story which it illustrated, and which the catalogue informed them was known as "The Legend of the Princess Tarakanof." That story we now purpose to tell. It has often been told before, but—as far as English narrators are concerned—always wrongly, and yet it is well worthy of being told aright. But its true nature has not very long been made known even in Russia. It was not till Alexander II. came to the throne that the papers were allowed to be examined on which the book is

founded, and from which we are about to take our facts.¹ It is not wonderful, therefore, that the old legend should not yet have been displaced in England by a true version of the story.

The legend runs as follows. After the Empress Catharine II. had mounted the throne, she discovered that a rival, whose claims might become dangerous to her, existed in the person of a Princess Tarakanof. This princess was the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth by her marriage with Count Razumovsky. She had been brought up abroad in great seclusion, and was living at the time in Italy. Catharine determined to get hold of her, and sent Count Alexis Orlov to Italy, on purpose to entrap her. He contrived to gain the confidence and to win the heart of the young girl, who was very beautiful and exceedingly charming. Having deluded her by a false marriage, he got her entirely into his power, inducing her to believe that he was going to espouse her cause and make her Empress of Russia. One day she went on board his ship at Leghorn. At first she was treated with the honours proper to royalty, but was suddenly arrested, loaded with irons, confined in the hold, and carried off to Russia. On arriving there she was thrown into a fortress, and treated in the most barbarous manner. Six years afterwards she perished in her prison, during an inundation of the Neva. Such is the legend. We pass on now to the true story.

The Empress Elizabeth was of a very impressionable character. Early in life, some time before she came to the throne, she fell desperately in love with a young officer named Shubine, and wished to

¹ The book was published last year at St. Petersburg, under the title of "Knyajna Tarakanova i Printsessa Vladimirskaia." P. Melnikova [Princess Tarakanova and the Princess of Vladimir. By P. Melnikof], but

its substance had already appeared in some of the Russian periodicals. A German translation of part of it has been published at Berlin, under the title of "Die vergebliche Tochter der Kaiserin Elisabeth Petrowna."

marry him. But before the marriage could be brought about, he was suddenly arrested, and banished to Kamschatka, by the reigning Empress Anne. Elizabeth consoled herself as she best could, but she did not forget her former lover, and after her accession sent a confidential agent all over Kamschatka in search of him. For many months that officer travelled about the country seeking him in vain; all his inquiries were fruitless. No one had ever heard of such a name as Shubine. But at last one day, while he was talking to a group of exiles, he happened to mention the name of the Empress Elizabeth. "Is Elizaveta Petrovna now on the throne?" asked one of them. The officer replied in the affirmative, but the exile seemed to doubt the fact, until he was shown an official document in which Elizabeth was named as Empress. "If that is the case," said the convict, "the Shubine whom you are asking about is standing before you." Elizabeth's long-lost lover was found at last. On his arrival at St. Petersburg Elizabeth received him very kindly, made him a major-general, and conferred various other honours upon him. But the years he had passed in exile had produced a great change in him. His bodily health was shattered, and his thoughts had turned to religion, and especially to its ascetic side. He soon retired from the court, and before long he died. His last days were spent in the country, on an estate which the Empress had given him. There, in the village church, are preserved to this day a costly picture of the Saviour and a precious relic, both presented by Elizabeth to her former lover in remembrance of her early attachment.

After Shubine's banishment Elizabeth had turned her attention to another lover. In the same year with herself, in 1709, a certain Alexis Razum had come into the world, the son of a simple Cossack in Little Russia. As the young Alexis grew up, it was discovered that he had a magnificent voice, and he became one of the choristers in the village church. There

he was heard one day by an agent collecting singers for the imperial chapel, by whom he was at once transferred to St. Petersburg, where Elizabeth saw him, and took a fancy to him. As soon as she mounted the throne she began to confer on him the first of a long series of honours. The young Cossack Razum soon became the great noble Razumovsky, Count of the Roman as well as of the Russian empire. In the year 1744 the Empress first made him a field-marshal and then married him. From that time till the end of her life he bore himself very discreetly, and never lost his influence over her. After Elizabeth's death, the Empress Catharine II. sent Count Vorontsof to ask Razumovsky to produce the papers bearing on his marriage with her predecessor, and offering to confer on him the title of Imperial Highness. Vorontsof went to Razumovsky's house, and found him "sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, and reading the Bible." After the usual compliments Vorontsof explained the cause of his visit. Razumovsky did not utter a word, but silently rose and opened a cabinet, from a secret drawer in which he produced a packet of papers enveloped in rose coloured satin. These he began to read, still keeping silence; when he had finished reading them he raised his eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the sacred pictures which hung overhead, crossed himself devoutly, and threw the papers into the fire. Then he resumed his seat and began to speak. According to his account the late Empress had never had any relations with him beyond those of a monarch with a devoted subject, and the story of the marriage was nothing but an idle legend. For himself, he wished no more than to end his days in prayerful seclusion.

There can be no doubt, however, that the marriage really took place, and that two children were the fruit of it. Of these one was a son of whom nothing certain is known, but tradition relates that he lived till the beginning of the present century, shut up in a distant monastery, and always bitterly lament-

ing his unhappy lot. Of the daughter more has been ascertained. Of her early life nothing is known, but in 1785, when forty years old, she was sent by the Empress Catharine II. to the Ivanovsky convent at Moscow. There she lived for some five-and-twenty years, leading so secluded a life as to see scarcely any one beyond a few priests. A private corridor and staircase led directly from her cell into the convent church, and so she could go into it unseen. When there mass used to be said privately for her, and on such occasions the church doors were closed and no strangers were admitted. The curtains behind the windows of her cell were always drawn; and if any of the passers-by loitered near and tried to look in, they were immediately driven away. There has been some slight dispute as to the date of her decease, but her tombstone states that she died on February 4, 1810, in the sixty-fourth year of her age. The Governor of Moscow and the other great officials attended at her funeral in full uniform, and the crowd of lookers-on was enormous. She was not buried in the cemetery of the convent in which she had lived, but in that of the Novospassky monastery. It is a fitting resting-place for one who had led a quiet life, for it is a very quiet spot, although lying close to one of the large streets in the outskirts of Moscow. The graves seem somewhat huddled up together, and have rather a neglected look, but there are trees which throw a pleasant shade on them, and in the fine weather of spring and early summer the birds sing pleasantly and flowers grow around in profusion. Even an acknowledged princess might find a worse place to sleep in.

So much as regards the real Princess Tarakanof, of whom but little has been written. Now for the pretender to the title, on whom much ink and sympathy have been expended.

About the year 1771, a certain Van Toers, the son of a Dutch merchant, fled from Ghent, where he left a wife and several creditors, and took up his

residence in London. With him came a Madame Tremouille—a lady who had been living in Berlin under the name of Franck, and in Ghent under that of Schöll. She is said to have been very beautiful, although with a slight cast in one eye; and as she was both clever and accomplished, and had a singularly fascinating manner, she succeeded in charming most of the persons with whom she was brought into contact. She and Van Toers lived in great style in London, but before long fresh creditors obliged him to leave England. In the spring of 1772 he appeared in Paris, under the title of the Baron Embs, and thither he was followed, a few months later, by Madame Tremouille, who now began to call herself the Princess of Vladimir. Her story was that her parents, with whose name she was unacquainted, had died while she was very young, and that she had been brought up in Persia by an uncle. This uncle was taking care of her property, which was of fabulous value, and she herself had come to Europe for the purpose of looking after a rich inheritance which had accrued to her in Russia.

Alina, as she called herself, spent the winter of 1772 very pleasantly in Paris, where she added greatly to the number of her admirers and of her creditors, prominent among the former being Oginski, the Polish Ambassador, with whom she became closely allied. But before long Van Toers again became crippled by debts, and in 1773 he had to fly with Alina and some of her friends to Frankfort. Even there his creditors persecuted him, and he was put in prison. Fortunately for Alina, there arrived just then in the city a very foolish sovereign, Prince Philip Ferdinand of Limburg. The fair foreigner was introduced to him, and almost at the first interview completely won his heart. He paid her debts, and treated her with such royal magnificence that she soon deserted her other admirers for him, and in the beginning of June 1773 she left Frankfort and went with him to his castle in Franconia.

There she led a life of luxury and extravagance which exactly suited her, and there she discovered for herself a new family history and provided herself with a new title. She became now "the Sultana Alina," and as the daughter of a Turkish Sultan was styled "Princess of Azof;" moreover she founded the Order of the Asiatic Cross. A little later, however, she explained that she was only "a lady of Azof," not the princess of that country, and that she would soon be recognised in Russia as sole heiress to the property of the house of Vladimir. Meanwhile the Prince of Limburg became more and more infatuated with her, and at last asked her to marry him. She consented, and it seemed as if after all her wanderings and adventures a quiet and enviable life was about to open before her.

But about this time a young Pole named Domanski began to make his appearance at Oberstein, where the "Princess of Vladimir" was then holding a kind of court, and before long she was in close correspondence with several of the Polish nobles, especially with Prince Charles Radziwill. Poland was then smarting under the injustice of the "First Partition," and Radziwill was taking an active part in the proceedings of the Polish committee into which the leading members of the late Confederation of Bar had formed themselves. The successes gained in the east of Russia by Pugachef—the insurgent chief who pretended to be the Emperor Peter III.—had raised the hopes of the Poles, and they were anxious to take advantage of them in order to set a western insurrection on foot. How far their advice may have swayed the action of the "Princess of Vladimir" is not known, but before long rumours began to spread abroad to the effect that she was no less than rightful heiress to the throne of Russia, being the legitimate daughter of the late Empress Elizabeth by her marriage with Count Razumovsky; and that Pugachef, who was the Count's son by an earlier marriage, was her half-brother. With an imperial crown in view no wonder that

she disdained the merely princely coronet of the ruler of Limburg, and in the spring of 1774 she left him, never to return.¹

From Germany she went into Italy, settling down for a time at Venice, where, under the name of the Countess Pinneberg, she set up a kind of little court. She lived in the house of the French Resident, spent her money freely, and allowed herself every indulgence. Her principal visitors were Poles, but the captains of two Turkish frigates, Hassan and Muhammad by name, were often at her receptions, and so was a well-known English traveller who had a strong taste for all manner of eccentricities—Edward Wortley Montagu. After a time she determined to go to Constantinople, with the idea of trying to persuade the Sultan to support her claim to the Russian throne. Accordingly, she and all her court embarked on board one of the Turkish vessels, the commander receiving her with the greatest respect, and treating her as a royal personage. The ship set sail, but contrary winds drove it to Corfu, whence its captain determined to return to Venice. Several of the followers of the Princess went back in it, entreating her to accompany them; but she would not do so. They left her, and she embarked on board another Turkish vessel, and a second time set sail for Constantinople. But a second time a storm arose, and the ship was obliged to take refuge in the harbour of Ragusa. In that city the Princess took up her habitation, being lodged there, as before at Venice, in the house of the French consul. The French king was said to look with no unfriendly eye on her opposition to the Empress Catharine.

At Ragusa the Princess matured her plans. By way of confirmation of her story, she now produced certain documents of a very suspicious nature, amongst them the wills of Peter the Great and the Empress Elizabeth, on which she founded her claim to the throne of Russia. She also wrote a letter to the Sultan, suggesting an

alliance with him against Catharine, and saying that Sweden and Poland were willing to take part in it; and she sent the Grand Vizier a copy of the letter, which she asked him to forward to her half-brother, Pugachef. She did not know that Pugachef was at that moment a fugitive, soon to be betrayed to the Russian general; nor did she suspect that her friend Radziwill had given secret orders to his agent at Constantinople not to forward the letters she sent to his care for the Sultan and the Grand Vizier.

In her letter to the Sultan, the Princess spoke of an address which she had communicated to the Russian fleet at Leghorn. That fleet was commanded by Count Alexis Orlof, and it was to him that she addressed herself, sending a letter to him which she entrusted to the care of Mr. Wortley Montagu. In it she called upon Orlof to espouse her cause, styling herself Elizabeth II., Princess of Russia, and distinctly claiming the throne as hers by right. Orlof received the letter with delight, and immediately sent it on to the Empress Catharine, telling her that he intended to enter into communication with his correspondent, and that as soon as he could get her on board his ship he would sail straight away with her to Cronstadt.

Catharine sent word to Orlof to get hold of the pretender at all risks, even telling him—if his own account of the matter may be taken as correct—that he was to bombard Ragusa in case the senate of that republic refused to give her up. On the receipt of this letter, Orlof sent an agent to make inquiries at Ragusa about the Princess Elizabeth, and was about to proceed there himself with his squadron, when he learnt that she was no longer there. By this time her affairs were in disorder, and her prospects sadly overclouded. Peace had been concluded between Russia and Turkey, and Pugachef had been taken prisoner and executed, so that Catharine was freed from her most serious apprehensions. Radziwill, seeing that his plans were no longer practicable, abandoned the unfortunate ad-

venturess whose cause he had pretended to espouse so long as she seemed likely to be useful to him. But when asked to betray her, he utterly refused. That act of baseness he left for Orlof to perform. But he did not shrink from leaving her at Ragusa alone and without resources.

From Ragusa the Princess went to Naples, where she made acquaintance with the English ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, through whose influence she was enabled to obtain a passport, with which she immediately set off for Rome. There she lived for some time, giving herself out to be a noble Polish lady, and professing to wish to lead a life of great seclusion, making few acquaintances, and never going out except in a carriage with closed windows. The truth was, her health had begun to give way, and for a time she really did lead a quiet life in acquiescence with her doctor's advice; but so uncongenial a mode of passing her time did not long satisfy her. Meanwhile, she was not unmindful of her interests. Announcing herself as a penitent schismatic desirous of entering the Roman Communion, she tried to make friends at the Vatican. At this time there was no Pope at Rome, for a successor to Clement XIV. had not yet been elected. Cardinal Albani was talked of as likely to be chosen, and the Princess was very anxious to obtain an interview with him. At last, on January 1, 1775, one of her Polish companions managed to convey a letter from her to the Cardinal, who sent an abbé, named Roccotani, to confer with her. On him she produced a very favourable impression, and even the Cardinal, in spite of the state of pre-occupation in which he then naturally was, could not help being interested in the fair convert, who explained that she was likely to become the Empress of Russia, and would do her best in that case to wean back her subjects from the errors of schism. But she succeeded only in getting a small amount of money from him. Further assistance he would not give, nor would the Polish Resident at Rome, who treated

her with marked coldness. As she had taken once more to leading an extravagant life, keeping some fifty servants, and opening her rooms to a large circle, chiefly persons of artistic tastes, she was soon in want of money. In her distress she bethought herself of Sir William Hamilton, and wrote him a long letter explaining her claims to the throne of Russia, her present impecunious position, and the absolute necessity of her borrowing a little money. This letter alarmed the English ambassador, who had no wish to compromise himself in the eyes of the Russian authorities, and he determined to make amends for his error in obtaining her passport. So he sent on the letter to the English consul at Leghorn, Sir John Dick.

Throughout the whole of this story our countrymen figure to little advantage. Sir John Dick plays a very sorry part indeed, but he had always been on very friendly terms with the Russian authorities, and especially with Orlof, who procured for him the much-valued decoration of the Order of St. Anne—the only instance of a Russian decoration being conferred on an English subject in the eighteenth century.

Sir John Dick seems to have been ready to do anything for Orlof, and at once handed over to him Sir William Hamilton's letter. Up to this moment Orlof had been unable to trace the movements of the victim he was hunting down. Now he knew where to find her. A few days later he was able to send word to the Empress Catharine that one of his officers, Khristenek by name, had been sent to Rome to try and induce the pretended Princess to leave that city, and to place herself within reach of the arm of Russia.

A few days later an English banker named Jenkins introduced himself to the Princess, and offered to open an unlimited credit at his bank for her. At first she thought he came from Sir William Hamilton, but he explained that his employer was Orlof, to whom he had been recommended by Sir John Dick. A vague suspicion flitted across

her mind, and at first she refused the tempting offer. About the same time a stranger had been observed curiously gazing at the house she occupied, and asking questions about its inmates. She immediately suspected that he was a Russian agent, and she sent to Cardinal Albani to ask for protection. But the stranger presented himself to her, and explained that he had been sent by Orlof to proffer her his services. At first she told him, as she had told Jenkins, that she did not require them. She justly suspected danger, and she kept herself aloof from the toils. But, unfortunately, it was only for a time. A few days later she yielded to the temptation, listened to Khristenek's advice, and, in accordance with it, set out to meet her doom. About the middle of February, after having had her debts paid by Jenkins, from whom she also borrowed 2,000 ducats on her own account, she set out for Pisa, where Orlof was anxiously awaiting her. On her arrival, he received her with the greatest respect, had her magnificently lodged and entertained, and treated her as a royal personage. The suspicion she had felt at first with regard to his sincerity soon vanished, and before long she believed in him implicitly. A little later she learnt to love him also. Nor is that to be wondered at, for Orlof was one of the finest and handsomest men of his day, and a consummate master of the art of making love. Intriguer and adventurer as she was, the Princess was entirely taken in by his feigned attachment, and abandoned herself to him with as enthusiastic a devotion as if she had been an artless and inexperienced girl. Orlof played his part well, and refused her nothing. Relying on this, Khristenek was guilty of the unexampld baseness of asking her to obtain for him his promotion to the rank of colonel. She consented at once, and he received his commission from the hands of the unfortunate woman whom he had helped to betray, and whose doom he now felt was sealed.

After a few days, which she passed very happily, Orlof told her that he

must leave her for a time. His useful ally, Sir John Dick, had written to tell him that his presence at Leghorn was absolutely necessary. The Princess tried to induce him to stay in Pisa, but he told her that it was impossible. "In that case," she said, "I will go to Leghorn with you." Orlof wished for nothing better. At last, he felt, she was on the point of being in his grasp.

The morning after her arrival at Leghorn, Orlof sent a message to Sir John Dick, to say that he was coming to dine with him; and in the afternoon he appeared with Admiral Greig and several other friends. With him came the Princess, who was received with the greatest apparent respect by the consul and his wife. In the evening she appeared at the opera, where she was naturally the centre of attraction. Every eye was turned towards her, and to almost every spectator her position must have seemed a most enviable one. They little knew that she was then standing on the threshold of a dungeon.

The next morning the English consul entertained his Russian friends at breakfast. The Princess was the queen of the feast, every one striving to do her honour, and none, it is said, more than Lady Dick and the wife of Admiral Greig. After breakfast the conversation turned on the subject of the Russian ships, and the Princess expressed a desire to see them. Orlof suggested that she should pay his vessel a visit, and she consented at once. The Admiral's barge was got ready, and the whole party embarked in it. In a short time Orlof had the delight of seeing his victim set foot upon the deck of his flag-ship.

It was a beautiful day. The waters of the bay were calm and bright, and the whole spectacle offered to the poor adventuress was very gay and enlivening. The people flocked to the shore in crowds expecting to see the fleet execute some of the manoeuvres to which Orlof had accustomed them, and pleasure-boats came off to the ships in numbers. The Russian vessels were decked out

with flags, their officers appeared on deck in full uniform, their crews manned the yards, and, amidst the roar of cannon and the cheering of the sailors, the doomed woman was received on board the vessel of her betrayer. She was in high spirits, and thoroughly enjoyed the brilliant spectacle got up in her honour. A little time passed, and then the vessels began to manoeuvre. The Princess stood looking on in silence. Suddenly she heard a harsh voice demanding from her Polish followers their swords. She turned, and saw that Orlof and Greig had disappeared, and that in their place stood a file of soldiers under arms, whose commanding officer was in the act of arresting her friends.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked.

"You are arrested by order of the Empress," was the reply.

The terrible truth suddenly flashed upon her mind. She fainted away, and during her state of insensibility she was carried down to the cabin. Her followers were removed to another vessel.

When she recovered her senses, and asked for Orlof, she was told that he also was a prisoner, and was thus induced to believe that he was sharing her fate. She fully trusted in him and in his love for her, and he was anxious that she should not be undeceived, for he feared that she might commit suicide if she lost all hope, and he was very desirous of gratifying Catharine by providing her with a living victim. Meanwhile the news of her imprisonment had spread far and wide, and the greatest indignation was produced by it in Leghorn. Some of the boats which surrounded the Russian ships, in spite of the threats of the sentries, got near enough to the Admiral's vessel to enable their occupants to see the pale face of the unfortunate prisoner at one of the cabin windows. The story of Orlof's audacity and treachery became known at Pisa and at Florence, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany protested vigorously against the act of violence committed within his realm. But the Russian Court paid no attention to his protests.

The day after her arrest Orlof went to see Sir John Dick, and asked for some books for the Princess to read. He looked pale and excited, said the English consul afterwards—and he well might be. The next day the Russian fleet put to sea, but Orlof set off for St. Petersburg by land. This was in the second week of March 1775.

Before very long the fleet arrived off Plymouth, and remained at anchor there for some little time. It was during this stay in English waters that the poor woman whom Orlof had betrayed first learnt his perfidy. Up to that moment she had remained tolerably calm, always hoping that he would manage to rescue her. But at last, while the vessel lay in Plymouth harbour, the full truth was revealed to her, and she was made aware that Orlof's love for her had been feigned throughout; that he had all along been merely leading her on to her fate, and that he had now gone to Russia in order to claim his reward for having ensnared her. And this was the man who had professed such devotion to her, whom she had so fondly, so blindly loved. After the first stunning influence of the shock had passed away, she made a desperate attempt to escape. An English vessel was lying alongside the Russian man-of-war on board of which she was confined, and she tried, but tried in vain, to get to it. Then she attempted to fling herself into the sea, and was only withheld from doing so by force. On two or three different occasions she tried to drown herself, and at last Admiral Greig was obliged to quit Plymouth Roads sooner than he had intended, so nervous was he about the proceedings of his now desperate prisoner.

On the 29th of April the Russian fleet reached the Sound, and on the 22d of May cast anchor off Cronstadt. On the 4th of June an officer named Tolstoi was sent for by the Governor of St. Petersburg, Field-Marshal Galitsin, and, having been sworn to eternal secrecy on a copy of the Gospels, was sent to Cronstadt to receive Admiral Greig's prisoner, and to convey her to the Petropavlovsky fortress at St. Petersburg.

Silently, by night, the vessel which bore Tolstoi on his errand dropt down to Cronstadt. During the ensuing day that officer remained in concealment on board the Admiral's flag-ship. The following night, while all on board the surrounding shipping and all the inhabitants of the neighbouring shores were fast asleep, his vessel silently made its way back up the stream to St. Petersburg. Before the sun rose on the 6th of June Tolstoi had handed his prisoner over to the commandant of the Petropavlovsky fortress, who conducted her to one of the casemates in the Alexief ravelin.

During the month of June the nights are delicious at St. Petersburg. The air is full of a kind of magic light, and long after the sun has sunk beneath the horizon, and long before it reappears, the sky is tinged with delicate pink and amber hues on which the eye is never tired of gazing. Seen from the opposite side of the river, the waters of which are bright with reflected light and colour, the fortress, with its long low walls and its tall and graceful spire, rises dark against the eastern sky. Very dark and dreary it must have seemed then to that unfortunate woman, who, just as the sunlight began to fall on the gilded domes and spires of the sleeping city, passed within the granite walls of that prison-house from which she was destined never to emerge.

As soon as Catharine heard that her enemy was at last in her power, she ordered her to be subjected to a close examination, in hopes that some light might be thrown upon the intrigues with which she had been connected, and the supposed conspirators of whom she had been the tool or the ally. Accordingly Prince Galitsin examined and cross-examined her and her fellow-prisoners—for her Polish followers were also lodged in the fortress, though not allowed access to her—but without arriving at any satisfactory result. She maintained that she did not know who her parents were, that she had been at first brought up in Kiel, but at nine years old was taken away into the interior of Russia,

where some one gave her poison, from the effects of which she suffered for more than a year; that she was then sent to Bagdad, where a rich Persian took charge of her till she was eleven, when she was removed to Ispahan, where she passed under the care of a Persian prince, who told her that she was the daughter of the late Empress Elizabeth of Russia. That at the age of seventeen the Prince took her to Russia, and thence to Germany and England. That she spent two years with him in London, and afterwards went to Paris, and that she soon afterwards met the Prince of Limburg, to whom she became betrothed. All these statements she repeated many times, and it was found impossible to obtain any other story from her. This obstinacy on her part so greatly irritated the Empress that she wrote to Galitsin, telling him to have recourse to "rigorous measures" in his treatment of the prisoner. Accordingly he gave orders that she should be put upon prison fare, and have only just as much of that as was necessary to sustain life; that her servant-maid should be denied access to her, and that an officer and two soldiers should be stationed day and night in her cell. These orders were carried into effect. For two days and two nights she underwent the indignity of being continually watched by guards, who never quitted her for a moment. All that time, too, she passed without taking food; for the gruel and cabbage-soup, which were served up to her in wooden bowls, were so revolting that she could not touch them. Meantime her health became rapidly worse, the cough from which she had been suffering for some time increased, and she began to spit blood. At last, by signs, she managed to explain that she wished to send a letter to the Governor, and writing materials were supplied to her. On receiving her letter, which contained a pathetic appeal to his feelings and those of the Empress, Galitsin paid her a visit, and again tried to extract some information from her as to her accomplices, but without success, although he went so

far as to threaten her with "extreme measures." On leaving her cell he told her that she must not expect any mitigation of the hardships she had lately endured, though in reality his heart was touched by her sufferings.

Galitsin was a man of more than usual kindness, and could not bear to see a young and attractive woman—one, moreover, accustomed to an easy and luxurious life—exposed to such sufferings and such indignities as she had to undergo. She was also evidently in a state of such physical and mental prostration, that her life did not seem likely to be much prolonged; and so, in spite of the distinct commands of the Empress, he found himself incapable of continuing the "rigorous measures" which had proved so fruitless. Before quitting the fortress he gave orders that the severity of her treatment should be mitigated, and that the sentries should no longer be stationed inside her room.

Meantime her two Polish fellow-prisoners had been examined by Galitsin, and every means taken to obtain some useful confession from them. One of them, Domanski by name, declared that it was merely love for her that had made him follow in her train, and that even now, if she would marry him, he should consider himself the happiest of men; even though he had to spend the rest of his life in a prison. Some hope seems to have been held out to him of the possibility of such marriage, and Galitsin suggested the idea to the Princess—if we may be allowed still to give her that title—but she treated it with contempt, saying that Domanski was far too contemptible and uneducated a man for her to think of as a husband, even if she were not bound by her plighted troth to the Prince of Limburg. Galitsin then tried to obtain a confession from her by promising that, if she would say what her origin really was, she should be allowed to go back to her betrothed in Germany. For a time she seemed to waver in her denial of all knowledge of her history, and promised to send Galitsin a full account of herself; but

when the paper which he thought would contain it arrived, there was no new information in it. Whether she really had none to give, or whether she distrusted Galitsin's promises, is not known. All that is certain is, that nothing more was ever learnt from her respecting her former career.

About this time, tradition states, Orlof came to see her, and a stormy interview ensued. The story is not at all probable, and it is to be hoped that it is not true. But what is certain is, that a little later, in the month of November, she bore her betrayer a son. The child was christened in the prison, and it is said that it thrived, and eventually grew up to man's estate, and became an officer of rank in the Russian service. Anyhow, its mother did not long survive its birth. Her strength had altogether given way under her sufferings. For she had suffered much, and yet had been treated with much of the old severity. The soldiers had been brought back into her room, in spite of the pathetic appeals she made to the Empress, saying, as she well might, that the constant presence of men beside her "shocked her womanly nature." The consumption which had seized on her made rapid progress, her cough became worse and worse, and at last she lay down to die. A priest was sent for, who exhorted her, as upon the threshold of the grave, to make full confession of her sins against the Empress. But she still maintained that in this respect she was not to blame, and the priest at last left her without giving her absolution.

On the 15th of December, 1775, she died, carrying with her to the grave the secret of her birth. The next day the soldiers, some of whom had stood by her bedside till she drew her last breath, dug a deep hole in the ground within the walls of the fortress, and buried in it the body of the unfortunate adventuress.

No funeral rites were performed over her grave. Catharine's revenge was complete.

Two years later occurred the terrible inundation of 1777, when the Neva rose to such a height that the casemates of the Petropavlovsky Fortress were submerged under its waters. In spite of the secrecy which had been preserved with respect to the so-called Princess, rumours had got about that a daughter of the Empress Elizabeth was kept in confinement in the fortress, and after the inundation a story gained credence that she had been forgotten or intentionally deserted in her cell, and so had been drowned by the rising tide.

Two years more passed by, and the cell in which the adventuress died received another inmate. This was a young Guardsman named Vinsky, who had become compromised in some political conspiracy, and who was ultimately exiled to Orenburg. While occupying his prison-quarters in the fortress, he amused himself by deciphering the inscriptions which previous inmates had left on the walls. One day he observed some writing on one of the panes in the window, and on closer inspection he made out the words, "O mio Dio!" which had evidently been scratched with a diamond on the glass. The warder told him that they must have been the handiwork of a young and beautiful lady, who had occupied the cell four years before. This was the last trace which remained of her existence, unless a little mound be taken into consideration, which, as late as the year 1828, was still visible in the garden of the fortress, and which was said to mark the spot where, at the end of her restless and wasted career, Orlof's victim at last found repose. Who she really was, and what was the secret of her early life, are problems which to this day remain unsolved.

Arthur's Knighting.

BY SEBASTIAN EVANS, LL.D.

I MIND me of Toraise in Carmelide :—
 Plenary court with show and festival
 Held King Leodegan that Whitsuntide.
 By noon the busy cooks had served in hall
 Pottage of herbs with spiceries and wine,
 Boars' heads in aigredouce and therewithal
 Herons and egrets in sauce Gamelyne,
 Peacocks in pride in platters of pure gold,
 And swans in silver served with galentine,
 Bakemeats and venison and a store untold
 Of savoury breads, and flesh, and fowl, and fish,
 Sallets and mortrews, fritters hot and cold,
 Creams, cates, and jellies, many a lordly dish
 Of pear and pippin, comfit-caraways,
 Citron and dates—a Cardinal could wish
 No fairer garnish on his holy days.
 And after every course the Sewer arrayed
 A subtle fancy of Dame Fortune's ways :
 First, Belisaire upon his throne displayed ;
 Next, the blind lazar cowering by the wall ;
 The third, in tattered weed, a beggar-maid ;
 And last, Cophetua's bride in crown and pall.
 Dame Fortune's self the while, in midmost place,
 Poising her gilded limbs on her swift ball
 Above the mast-head, with a silken lace
 Bare up the mainsail of an argosy
 Of beaten silver, that in hypocras
 Swam idly, all becalmed in a Red Sea,
 Among the isles of wafer-cake in sop.

And fair aloft, the minstrel-gallery
 A ceillure starred with gold did overtop :
 And ever among, the quire or played or sang
 With citole, sackbut, sawtrey, and sweet stop
 Of clariner and cornet, and the clang
 Of timbrels and of tabors—pipe and lute
 With their wild warble thrilling through the twang
 Of harps and wail of melancholy flute.

To that high music every heart beat high
 With knightly passion, and, when all was mute,
 The young men did not think it much to die;
 And greybeards knew that their old blood was young,
 And looked upon the young men with a sigh.
 Then forward stood a chorister and flung
 Such sweet, sweet sorrow into his sweet lay
 Of lovers' woe, that, ere the song was sung,
 There was no warrior's eye but turned away
 Lest it should meet his fellow's for the tear.

Ginevra looked at Arthur, but the grey
 Of her bright eyne knew nought of lover's fear;
 And when they met not his, the rebel blood
 Flushed to the fair tip of her tingling ear,
 As there before him teeth on lip she stood,
 For that she knew she showed so beautiful
 In the wild triumph of that sovran mood,
 And grudged that he should see not. Was he dull,
 And drank that philtre of sweet sound in vain,
 That thus he looked away, nor cared to lull
 The divine longing of love's hunger-pain
 By feeding in her eyes his love with love?
 He saw not,—no! Nor, though he stared amain,
 Saw he the banners blazoned bright above
 The starry ceilure. Not until the stir
 After the song, when all the guests 'gan move,
 Did her true lover think to look at her.

And then, pardie, her eyes were elsewhere:
 For lo, past truncheoned steward and cellarer
 Who stood beside the cupboard, mazed with care
 Of the great goblets and the cups of state,
 Limped Tronc the jester, with a Kaiser's air,
 His kingly train upborne by an ape sedate,
 And four white poodles, two on either side,
 Marching upright, but sad, as if the fate
 Of courtier-life bore hardly on their pride,
 And those gay silken masquer weeds they wore
 Repaid not half what they must needs abide
 As hangers-on to majesty so poor.
 Long laughter shook the hall at that strange show,
 Which waxed amain when on the lower floor
 The motley knave, with many a mop and mow,
 Bade all his four-foot courtiers dance and leap,
 Just as a king might bid his dukes do so.
 The feasters laughed and drank, and they drank deep
 Of those tall flagons, and the butler's wand
 Waved for fresh vintage with a lordly sweep.

Ginevra raught a wine-flask from the stand
 Brimmed with the ripest, and at Arthur's knee
 Knelt, a deep beaker in her dainty hand,
 Gemmed all within with jewels that make flee

All taint and venom from the faery brim,
 And humbly proffered her new lord. But he,
 Shamed that such service should be done to him
 By her who was his worship, bade her rise.
 "Nay," quoth the Sire, "fair knight, in life and limb
 "We are all thine. Let be, the girl is wise."
 Then Arthur drank and gave her back the cup;
 But still she knelt beside him, and her eyes
 Betrayed no signal as she raised them up
 Of woman's art in the child's artlessness,
 As if she wondered how her lord should sup.

Yet inly knew she all her loveliness:
 The pilch of velvet, parted white and blue,
 Reversed with ermines for an emperess,
 All overt on the sides, where shimmered through
 The kirtle's silken warp with weft of gold
 From looms of Baldack—O, full well she knew
 The needled broidery wrought on every fold,—
 Those smiling suns above and sunflowers three
 Under each sun, with faces broad and bold
 Staring upon him through their greenery
 Of sheeny leafage; all along the hem
Le riez plus bas jec ne me tourné mie
 Figured in umber, and on every stem
Solleil m'attire on scroll of argent grain;—
 The glistening girdle brooched with pearl and gem,
 The gipciere silver-guarded and its chain,
 The coronal of gold and golden net,—
 Full well she knew she wore them not in vain,
 But knew no less herself was mightier yet.
 The joyous witchcraft of her sunny hair,
 The spell of eyes that dimmed the eyes they met,
 Even the sigh that half betrayed how fair
 The rosy promise of the imperial breast,
 Guising an art to tell how, pillowed there,
 Her love, the sovran of the world, might rest
 In empire sweeter than the sway of kings.

So, for the night was waxing, host and guest
 Betook them to their chambers, and the things
 Which showed so mighty faded while they slept
 Utterly even as fond imaginings,
 And no man knew that he had laughed or wept.
 But not forgetful of sweet life they lay,
 For each, almost ere midnight tolled, had leapt
 Forth from his couch to busk him for the day.

Then on the dais a carpet of fine Tars
 Was spread in hall, where grooms and pages gay,
 With tapers twinkling under the gold stars,
 Lighted the bare-armed, leathern-aproned band
 Who cased us in our harness for the wars.
 And 'mid the clang, a squire on either hand,

Arthur's Knighting.

Came Arthur's self, and on the carpet doffed
 His mantle blue of cloth of Samarcand,
 Unhasped the jewelled girdle, and aloft
 Lifted the velvet coat, and set aside
 The banded shoon of cheveril white and soft.

Then stately through high hall in seemly pride,
 Among the clashing press, that Peerless One
 Stepped with such gait as might besem the bride
 Of empire peerless underneath the sun.
 Yet to her lord right maidenly she spake,
 Bidding good morrow: "Nay," quoth she, "by none,
 Save mine own hands, sweet Sire, for knighthood's sake
 Shalt thou be armed this day."—With that she set
 Upon the kingly cycladoun of lake
 The hacketon all lined with sarcinet,
 Orfreyed without with crescents of thin gold
 Upon the buckskin; next the solleret
 She fitted on each foot with fold on fold
 Of overlapping steel and toe-piece keen,
 Like scale and sting of hornet; next in hold
 She locked his thews in greaves of damasked sheen
 Of Milan; next the cuisses featously
 She hasped upon his thigh, and fair between
 Buckled the knee-piece underneath the knee;
 Vambrace and brassart next, and elbow-plate
 As squire who knew full well where each should be.
 Upon his arms she jointed in due state,
 And shelled the shoulders in their silver scale.
 Then, o'er the pourpoint, heeding not the weight,
 Deftly she donned the jesseraunt of mail;
 And over that, the jupon, blazoned fair
 With fiery dragon swindging his huge tail,
 And broidered bordure, wrought in leafage rare
 Of braided strands of silk incarnadine.
 Then on the golden glory of his hair
 With gently stedfast hand and earnest eyne,
 As if she offered up a kingly gift
 With solemn pageant at a saintly shrine,
 With arms upstretched before him did she lift
 The bascinet all burnished, rich inlaid
 With golden damask, then with fingers swift
 Made fast the fringe of camail fair displayed;
 Drew on the gauntlets with their gadlings gilt
 And tasseled hems with knotted silk arrayed;
 And kneeling then, the spurs he won in tilt
 On the first day he armed him, on his heel
 She set and buckled. Deftly thus she built
 Around her love that sheeny tower of steel.—
 But more was wanting. Still upon one knee
 Beside her new lord did the proud one kneel,
 And from the blushing page took reverently
 The faery wonder of Escalibor
 With all its wealth of jewelled wizardry

Wherewith to gird her knightly bachelor:
Baldrick and hilt and scabbard,—not a gem
But flashed with virtue for a conqueror:—
This ruby once on Judith's diadem
Blazed like a star—that diamond clasp of yore
Girdled the Wise King in Jerusalem:
Yet all not worthier than the blade they bore,
Forged in the caverns of the Enchanted Lake
By Weland, snapped and forged again thrice o'er,
Graven with names whereat the foul fiends quake
In potent rune and mystic sign enscrolled;
Then for the first time did the fair hand shake,
Yet tongued the buckle smoothly on the fold
And the rich ends in a loose knot let fall.

So rose she, proudly smiling to behold
Her knight and king, how comely and how tall
He showed in that fair labour of her hand.
Yea, and beside her others smiled in hall;
For watching the sweet pair anigh did stand
Her sire and Merlin, with such thoughts as stir
Old hearts at sight of young love, 'mid a band
Of gaping losels, page and armourer.

Then spake old Merlin with his sour-sweet smile,
By name to Arthur, but as much to her:—
"Fair sir, in Logress, in the minster-aisle
"Of sweet Saint Steven erst thou didst receive
"At pious Dubric's hand the name and style
"Of a true knight, but now thou wouldst achieve
"A dearer honour—now almost 'tis thine
"To be love-knighted. By this lady's leave
"One thing alone is lacking."—Her full eyne
Ginevra flashed upon that wizard grey,
As Arthur asked: "What lacketh, master mine?
"No rite shall fail my chivalry this day
"From whence I date my knighthood, for till this
"I have but jested." Then quoth Merlin: "Nay,
"Tis but a trifle,—let the lady kiss,
"And thou, fair sir, art knight for evermore!"
"Sweet Sire," quoth she, "King Arthur shall not miss
"For gift so small his knighthood. If my lore
"Be nothing in this matter, pardon me:
"Yet as to kisses, I am not so poor
"That I can spare none." Then full maidenly
Her rosy lips she lifted to her lord
And kissed him in all stateliness; but he
Caught her in both arms and without a word
Repaid the kiss thrice o'er and thrice to boot.
O, but no rune nor gem on belt or sword
Could stay the trembling that from head to foot
Shook the new knight in that encounter sweet,
No harness ward the wound from his heart's root.

So kissed those lovers. Fleet and few, how fleet,
 How few, from the first cradle to the last,
 Those high eternal moments! O, the beat
 Within their pulses made our own beat fast
 And dimmed our eyes with pity and regret.
 Or do we now grow old, and fondly cast
 A sadness on the joy we half forget,
 Clouding with sorrows of our eld the youth
 We do remember to remember yet?
 We know not now. But even thus in sooth
 Those lovers kissed, and we who saw them kiss
 Look back and see them still with such deep ruth
 As maketh old men weep at sight of bliss;—
 Still feel the whisper which we could not hear:
 "All eyes are staring—loose me after this."
 So slipped she from his arms with gracious cheer,
 Ruddy for maiden shame, yet not the less
 Proud, not alone of her own knight sans peer,
 But proud that all should see that fond caress.

Then Arthur turned as one but half awake,
 Drunken with that deep draught of loveliness,
 Dazed with his dreams of conquest for her sake
 And bliss to be. But when his eye did light
 On her sad-smiling sire, a flush 'gan break
 Into his brow, with love's own wanness white;
 And when beyond he felt the glittering blue
 Of Merlin's eye, he crimsoned through outright;
 For well that bridegroom knew that Merlin knew
 His lawless other love and its wild sin,—
 Sin unto death, even though all else be true.

But Merlin spake: "Hereafter thou shalt win
 "Glory undying, such as never yet
 "Was e'er achieved by prince or paladin.
 "Yea, there be mighty names that men forget,
 "And all our life is but a little space,
 "And soon we shall lie still for all our fret.
 "Our day is short, and night comes on apace,
 "And then we shall not know sorrow nor bliss,
 "Nor toil nor rest, nor recollect the face
 "Of man nor woman. Yet by that sweet kiss
 "To the world's end men shall remember thee!
 "They shall remember, yea, and more than this:
 "King thou art now, and king again shalt be
 "Hereafter in this land of Bloy Bretayne;
 "For though thou go away, and shalt be free
 "No less than others from the toil and pain,
 "Thou shalt not die as others, nor the years
 "Shall waste no glory of thy secret reign
 "In realm of Faery, whence among thy peers
 "Thou shalt return to rule in sight of all
 "That shall have eyes to see thee through their tears
 "Of joy that after so long interval
 "Their own King Arthur doth come back to men."

So Merlin spake, and we, who stood in hall,
Were mute for musing. But Ginevra then
As one whom joy and doubt at once o'erwhelm,
Hearing how he, her lord, should come agen,
Yet nought of her, the lady of his realm,—
Stepped forth once more and with firm hand did don
Over the knight's steel cap the kingly helm,
Windowed and pranked with gold, and thereupon
A chaplet wrought with leaf of lily and vine,
Beaten in gold,—a Jew's-work pentagon
Under each foil, inwrought with subtle twine
Of stones of empire on the sheeny rim.
Then Merlin came, saying: "The last is mine,"
And set above the helm a crest to dim
All gold and gemwork flash they as they might;
The Dragon-royal, through whose every limb
The lifeblood beat in pulses of quick light;
Yet stirred it not, save that its snaky tail
It curled in glancing folds, and fiery bright
It breathed a flame, red-mirrored in the mail.

So strode the King full kingly to the gate,
Where in gay trappings o'er the burnished scale
Bridged by the saddle, his tall steed did wait
And neighed to greet his monarch as he strode
And swung into the stirrups in all state.
Sadly those lovers each bade each to God;
For glory is sweet but love is loth to go;
And through the straight lane clattering forth we rode
With folded gonfanons and lances low.

ESTELLE RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XXX.

JULIA WEAVES A WEB.

THE sweet Devonshire lanes were fragrant with the odour of fallen leaves, and the evenings began to close in chilly and misty. At the Court and at the Hall each family had returned to its accustomed ways; much to Julia's dissatisfaction.

For, at the Court, Mrs. Vivian could be much more constantly by her son's side than in London; and although Julia took credit to herself for never having let slip an opportunity during her stay at Hyde Park Gardens, for all the good she had done she might as well have stayed at home. The Baronet seemed as far from the point to which she wished to bring him as ever.

The first thing she heard when she got back to Wembury was that Herbert, now Captain Waldron, was in England; and further, that it was shrewdly guessed he had come back to get a wife. The Admiral had taken a fancy to Herbert: a fine fellow, he said, now that he had had the nonsense knocked out of him: and he wrote and asked him to come down and spend September at Wembury. "We can get some shooting over the Vivian preserves," he said, "and amuse the fellow."

Sir Louis had extended to the Admiral the invitation which had come regularly the last week in August, during the old Baronet's lifetime, "to get his gun ready for the 1st." Herbert, who was in the North with his regiment, wrote gladly to accept the Admiral's hospitality; but when the time came he was kept from Wembury by a return of the ague he had caught in India. The Admiral was put out at this, and insisted on his trying the change to Devonshire as soon as he could get the doctor's leave. He was

rather crosser than usual for some days, till he got a letter from Herbert to say that he considered his visit only deferred. "If he would but marry some nice girl, now," thought the old man, "and settle down somewhere near, so that we could drop in and see each other!" And he sighed, looking round on all his useless daughters, growing up, and growing old, and never a one among them all that would ever be worth her salt.

"If either of them would but help me in my barometrical readings," he thought, "that would be some good. But no; no good to ask them; they couldn't be got to understand the thing, the silly fools." And then he sighed again, for he thought what a comfort a son would have been. Henrietta noticed it.

"Papa, dear, is anything the matter?" Her voice had a sympathetic ring in it very different to the old voice, and she had learned to say, "Papa, dear." Her face had lost its wizened look, too, although she was as pale as ever, and thinner, if possible.

The Admiral brightened a little as she spoke. "No, my dear, nothing, nothing."

But Lizzy, pert as a sparrow, observed, "Papa's afraid that Cousin Herbert will be falling in love with you, Henrietta." She did not intend her father to hear, but he did, and in former times would have ordered her out of the room in a rage. But one day just after Henrietta's return, he had got into a rage at some such thoughtless speech of Lizzy's, and had frightened Henrietta into one of her fainting-fits. In his turn he had been frightened, and had controlled himself in her presence ever afterwards. He merely said sternly to Lizzy, "What do you mean?" and went on to Henrietta: "I am thinking of giving up my correspondence with the Meteorological Society."

"Oh, Papa, why! After having be-

longed to it so many years, I think you would miss it if you gave it up. Couldn't I help you, Papa?"

"What should you know about it?"

"Oh, but I do; just a little. Jack likes all those scientific things; and I have got a little barometer that—that he gave me, in my own room. And I look at it every morning and evening at eight o'clock, and he does the same. And then we compare notes."

"Oh, so that is what you write to each other about? How interesting!" said Lizzy.

This time the Admiral growled "Leave the room, Miss!" The next minute they heard her laughing in Julia's room overhead. "Insubordination!" Henrietta heard her father mutter, amongst other inaudible growlings. And presently, "Why do you allow such behaviour? Why don't they show you the respect due to an elder sister? I believe it is your own fault!"

"I daresay it is," said Henrietta hastily, not caring to contradict and so prolong a distasteful subject. "But if they do laugh at me, they are very kind to me all the same, so I need not care." And then she cunningly plunged into matters meteorological, and asked all manner of questions about aneroids, wet bulbs, and atmospherical pressure, till she had fairly set the Admiral off on his favourite hobby, and made him quite happy and oblivious for a few minutes; until he, through Henrietta's dropping her needle, suddenly remembered to whom he had been holding forth; a mere girl! A crocheting, embroidering, gossiping animal!

"Dear me, Henrietta," he said, sighing again, "what a pity it is you are not a boy!"

There was something so truly pathetic in the way he said this, that Henrietta did not feel in the least inclined to turn it into joke.

"Dear Papa, I wish I were, for your sake," was all she said.

Julia sat in her room upstairs, writing a subtle little note to her cousin Herbert. He had written openly to her, complaining of her unaccountable

silence,—unaccountable except as denoting change in her feelings,—and entreating her to be kind and explain.

"If that man does not,—will not,"—and she shot a glance out of window towards Vivian Court—a glance with more of hate than love in it; but the hate in it was not for the house, but for the man, who would not—"if it is so, I must e'en take Herbert, poor fool, who loves me. For marry I must, before my next birthday. So, were he fifty times a cousin, and Papa fifty admirals—stop, though! I'll wait till Sir Louis has married somebody else; I won't give up hope till then . . . He will tire me to death with his antiquarian lore; I shall hate him before the honeymoon is half over. Poor Herbert! I wish he were rich . . . But I can't be a poor man's wife, I can't. I must have things nice and pretty about me." Then she read her note once or twice and sealed it. She would ride into the town to-morrow, and post it privately.

A ring was heard at the front door as she was putting it away in her desk. Peeping, she saw an old crony of her father's, Admiral Henley, and his wife, standing on the step. They were two tiresome people, not worth cultivating, and she resolved to keep out of their way. She put on her hat, and went for a walk, supposing they would be gone by the time she came back. But Mrs. Henley and Mrs. Maurice had not met for a long time, and there was an unusually large budget of gossip to be delivered on both sides; and when Julia re-entered the hall, she saw through the half-open door, Mrs. Henley, the Admiral, and her mother, all standing in a row before the great orange sunset, which had been hung above the sideboard in the dining-room instead of a dingy sea-piece.

Mrs. Maurice was saying, in the most emphatic manner, "Yes, I assure you, she only admired it, in a casual way, you know, and he got it for her without saying a word." So kind, wasn't it?"

"Meant for something better than kind, I should say," rejoined the old

gentleman, chuckling. "I hope you will send us wedding-cake, Mrs. Maurice, my wife is particularly fond of it."

"Oh dear, no, I didn't mean that. Why, it couldn't be, Admiral, because you see he gave dear Henrietta a vivarium full of sea-anemones and things, and dear Henrietta is quite out of the question."

"That only makes it the more conclusive, I think," said Mrs. Henley. "I shall have to congratulate you before long, I don't doubt."

"Of course," says Mrs. Maurice, quite innocently, "we never know what is going to happen in this world. But I don't think there is more than a friendly feeling on both sides. Please don't hint at such a thing, because my husband would not like it. If anything is going on, we shall all know by and by."

Julia had stood at the door by which she had entered, listening to this conversation. She turned back, and went up the back staircase to her own room, smiling to herself.

"Thanks, my dear Mamma, for your morning's work," she said, as she watched the forms of the two visitors receding behind the trees that hid the road close to the house in summer, but were daily losing more of their leafy screen.

"Somebody used to say—Napoleon, wasn't it?—that if you wanted to make a lie history, you had only to get it believed for four-and-twenty hours. I think I begin to see the beginning of the end." And then she changed her dress, and went to the parlour where her sister generally lay, for Mrs. Vivian often came there on a private visit to Henrietta, and as she had not been near her for more than ten days, it was probable that she would come in some time that day. Julia knew—through the lady's-maid partly—that there had been a succession of company at the Court, people who had been friends of the old Baronet mostly, with a sprinkling of *savans*, a class with whom Sir George had had very few dealings, and

a few "nobodies," whom Sir Louis had picked up from no one knew where. Mrs. Maurice came in to repeat Mrs. Henley's gossip for Henrietta's amusement, and did not fail to mention that she had been showing off the new picture, adding in full all the comments and all her replies thereto.

"Oh, Mamma," Henrietta exclaimed, "how could you? Mrs. Henley will have it all over the neighbourhood that Sir Louis is paying attention to Julia. She is just the woman to do it. What a pity you showed her the picture at all!"

Mrs. Maurice's face expressed extreme bewilderment. "But I said that he had given you a vivarium, dear, so I don't think they could say he was paying attention to one more than to the other. Besides—as I said to Mrs. Henley—nobody knows what will happen in this world. And he is very attentive, there is no denying it. He is always sending you fruit and game, and out-of-the-way books and little messages. As I said, nobody knows."

"Oh, Mamma, Mamma," Henrietta laughed, "how blind you must be if you think that game, and fruit, and books would ever make me throw over dear old Jack. Why, Mamma, can't you see that Sir Louis's attention to me only proceeds from the very fact of my being engaged to Jack?"

Mrs. Maurice reflected, and said it was very odd that had never occurred to her before, and perhaps she had better tell Mrs. Henley.

"I don't know that," said Henrietta, "but I wouldn't exhibit the picture any more, if I were you."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Maurice, "if I had but thought—I'm afraid everybody has seen it now."

"Really," said Julia, with a curling lip, "I think you are making a great fuss about nothing. It may be strange for Henrietta, who has lived like a nun all her life; but as for me, I've been accustomed to a great deal of attention ever since I grew up, and I shouldn't know how to do without it. Sir Louis Vivian is not the first man by a good

many who has made me a present, and I daresay he won't be the last, either. And if I worried myself about what people said, I should have grown grey by this time."

Henrietta looked pained. "Oh, Ju, I wish you wouldn't talk in that way. You ought not—if one of the children were here——"

"But neither of them are here," Julia retorted, "and they can't be listening either, for they are with Miss Brydges; so your caution is thrown away."

"Hush, I hear Sir Louis coming up the path, and he has somebody with him," said Henrietta.

Julia gave a look at herself in the mirror, and then took her station quite naturally by her sister's sofa. Presently Mrs. Maurice was called away to the drawing-room. "I suppose he is come to make a formal call," said she, as she left the room. Julia sat still, uncertain whether she would go or stay. It were better, if possible, to see him in Henrietta's parlour; for he unbent himself in her presence to a much greater extent than even in his own house, with people whom he was anxious to please. But she would not let him go without showing herself. Her sister asked if she was going to the drawing-room. "No," she said; "if he wants to see me, he can come here." And Henrietta was wondering silently at the resentful tone of this speech, when Mrs. Maurice came back in a hurry.

"It's Mrs. Vivian, dear, as well as Sir Louis, and they both want to see you. They say they haven't seen you for an age."

"That has been their own fault entirely," said Julia scornfully, looking up from her embroidery.

Mrs. Vivian monopolized Henrietta for five minutes, and then let her son have his say, and turned to Julia.

"It is quite an age since I saw you, my dear; but if you only knew how I have been engaged! A house full of people, and talk, talk, talk, from morning till night. Oh, I'm so glad to get a peep at your dear sister in her little room again! Dear Mrs. Maurice, I am going

to ask you for some tea, here in this dear little room, all cosy and snug."

Meanwhile Sir Louis was saying to Henrietta, "Miss Maurice, I have brought you two partridges, killed, I beg to observe, by my own hands and not by proxy. I'm an awfully bad shot, as you know, but I'm improving. You should just see the Admiral's face when I miss my bird. It is a mixture of pity and contempt that would altogether annihilate me, if I didn't take the ludicrous view."

"Papa thinks he has lost his day if he doesn't make a good bag, I know," said Henrietta. "I shall like the birds very much, Sir Louis, and I hope you will improve, and shoot me some more."

"Here they are," said he, fumbling at his pockets. "I wasn't going to carry them in my hand, for I knew that nobody would believe I had shot them. I told my mother so, and she was in such a rage with me. She likes to think me an omnipotent sort of fellow, you see."

"Dear Mrs. Vivian! Well, Sir Louis, I think two birds a very fair beginning. Indeed, I believe there is nothing you could not do, if you only gave yourself time."

Strange! that very thing had Estelle said to him one day; in almost the same words. Stranger still, Henrietta's face as she spoke, and especially the kind look of her eyes, reminded him vividly of Estelle. And yet Henrietta's face was faded, and Estelle's fresh and beautiful. Certain it was that there was a likeness, and that was what drew him towards Henrietta; it was like getting glimpses of his darling's ghost. He went on, looking at the face on the sofa. "You should have seen the Admiral's face whenever I missed! I assure you, Miss Maurice, it had exactly the same look that your sister Lizzy's had, the first and only time I ever attempted to dance with her."

"Sir Louis, will you come for your tea, or shall I bring it to you over there?" said Julia, who thought he had talked quite long enough to Henrietta.

Sir Louis got up and went to the

table, and Julia crossed over to the sofa.

"Hen, what do you think?" she said, bending over her; "Mrs. Vivian says Sir Louis has asked Dr. Vandeleur down to stay, and he is actually coming."

Henrietta's face absolutely beamed with delight.

"It is too good to be true," she said.

It could only be for a very few days, Julia went on to say, because of his patients. But what a shame it was that he should be at the Court, instead of the Hall! She would talk to Papa about it. Henrietta suggested that perhaps Papa and dear Jack would not agree very well. Then it was time they should learn, said Julia, and she should speak to the gov. that evening.

The Admiral was out taking his constitutional, Mrs. Maurice said, and Sir Louis left a message for him, that he had a new microscope coming from London, and would have much pleasure in showing it to him any evening next week.

Julia caught him for a moment while Mrs. Vivian was having last words with Henrietta.

"I want to speak to you so very particularly; it's about dear Hen. I want you to tell Dr. Vandeleur something for me. I might write to him, I suppose, but I don't feel as if I knew him in the least, although he is to be my brother-in-law. I would rather send a message through you, if you don't mind."

"You know I shall be only too glad to serve you in any way that concerns either. But I hope that you are not anxious about your sister. Surely, she looks better, brighter, altogether."

"Oh no, no, it is not that which makes me anxious. I can't exactly explain at this moment. How could I manage to speak to you?"

Sir Louis thought for an instant. "I have to ride into town to-morrow morning. Might I come here on my way back?"

"There would be Mamma, or somebody. I can't talk over Hen's affairs in public."

"Ride with me, then."

She hesitated a moment. "I might; part of the way, at least. I shouldn't care to ride through the streets on our rough pony, just to show off your splendid bay. Papa has sold my horse, you know, and he's so cruel, he won't buy me another yet."

She had found this little fact of great use already; and no longer bore her father malice for the loss of the animal, although he had been somewhat of a pet.

"You shall have my aunt's horse," he said. "He is in capital order. The Duchess of——some ladies, that is, have been riding him constantly this last fortnight."

This was exactly what she wanted. But she drew back. "You may want him for somebody else: I would rather not, thanks. No, I'll go a mile with you on the old pony."

"Nonsense! Other people have had their turn, and now you shall have yours. They say he is a capital one to go. I shall be here to-morrow at half-past eleven."

Mrs. Vivian, who had been whispering to Henrietta about Dr. Vandeleur, now became aware that Miss Julia and her son were having a very confidential *tête-à-tête*; and hurried him away, saying that they had made quite a visitation, and that dear Henrietta would be tired.

Julia's face was dark, when, next morning, she descended from her room dressed for her ride with more than her usual care, at the sound of the horses' feet within the shrubbery. She had a twofold game to play that morning. The idea of getting Dr. Vandeleur down as a visitor had flashed suddenly on her the day before. To-day she felt how more than ever desirable it was; for her father had said in his odd, abrupt way, on leaving the breakfast table: "Have the spare-room got ready; Herbert may come in any day." And as she knew that "any day" in her father's phraseology might mean either within a week or a month, it was important too to bring matters to a crisis if she

could between herself and Sir Louis. Supposing Dr. Vandeleur could not or would not come to them, she knew that the only way of disposing of Herbert quietly would be by pleading an engagement. But she preferred that he should stay away altogether. She had enough on her mind, she thought, without the twinges that the sight of him would give her torpid conscience. So she smoothed her face into as much serenity as she could, and, as they rode along, unfolded her plan to Sir Louis as if it were Henrietta's; touching playfully on the necessity of managing dear Papa's odd little fancies, and on the long trouble of her sister's youth. Sir Louis did not say how unnatural he thought it that any management should be required in the case, but he knew Vandeleur too well to suppose that he would invite himself to a house where there would be no real welcome from its head—even for Henrietta's sake. He said:

"I don't think *my* speaking to Vandeleur would be the slightest use. When he comes down, Miss Maurice can talk him over. I'll give him up to her without grumbling, I promise you, although I have been expecting his visit most eagerly. As it is, I daresay he would desert me the best part of the day, and only do me the honour to sleep at the Court."

But Julia wanted the spare-room occupied. "I know Hen would never ask, for fear of being refused. Although she is so good, she is terribly proud."

"Then why don't you? You will be his sister-in-law," said straightforward Sir Louis.

"Yes, I suppose. But I don't know him; no, not half as well as I do you. Now how could I say to him, 'Dr. Vandeleur, my sister wishes you very much to come and stay at our house. I know you ought to have been invited, but Papa is—well—odd; and won't do it, and Mamma will never think of suggesting it to him. But if you write and say you are coming down, Papa will be obliged to say that he will be glad to see you,'—and so he will when the first

awkwardness has passed off—but how could I say this to a person who is a mere stranger?"

"Think for one moment, and you will see that I could as little say with propriety to Vandeleur anything implying a want of hospitality on the part of your father. I think the best plan would be for Miss Maurice to come and stay with my mother for a little while. That will make things pleasant for everybody, will it not?"

"You are too kind," Julia murmured, keeping down her anger at the failure of her plan, yet not so entirely but that her voice shook. Was there no other way? she thought again and again, as they continued their ride in silence. Henrietta would accept the invitation but too eagerly, and instead of one there would be two spare bedrooms. Had the children all had the measles? Or was there such a thing as scarlet-fever going about—hooping-cough they were too old for; was there anything that could be magnified into an epidemic? She resolved that if all failed, she would sham illness herself, and be lodged in the spare-room, because it was larger than her own. Yes, that would she do, unless Sir Louis himself rendered it needless. Pending this cogitation, they rode through the town and dismounted at the hotel. Right glad was Julia to see and bow to a party of men lounging about the entrance; partners and admirers all of them. Sir Louis promised to be ready at three o'clock, and then they separated, he to find out the whereabouts of an Australian mummy, reported to be for sale; she to pay visits, hear the news, and give her dressmaker an instalment of her long-running account, preparatory to the ordering of fresh dresses.

She had no small number of hints and innuendoes to parry during her round of calls, all proceeding from the fact of her having been seen riding with Sir Louis Vivian, and on a horse which had belonged to Lady Caroline. Other ladies, visitors at the Court, had done the same, but never *tête-à-tête*, the gossips averred. To a woman of Henrietta's

reserved temperament, such inuendoes would have given deep annoyance. But Julia played cleverly with them, so that people believed that the marriage was to be, without her having had once to commit herself by saying in so many words, "Yes, I am going to be married."

At two o'clock she went to Miss Warren's, the chief cook and confectioner of the place, to wait for Sir Louis. It was the fashionable hour for people who liked frangipane and hot patties, and the shop was full, as she had hoped it would be. She ordered a cup of chocolate, and sat in the room behind the shop while she drank it, so that the Baronet might be forced to inquire for her of Miss Warren. Then she asked for pen and ink, opened her letter to Herbert, and added the words, "We are expecting Dr. Vandeleur, Henrietta's intended, to make a short stay down here. I am so sorry you cannot meet; he is a very clever London physician, and you would have taken no harm by consulting him for your ague. But, unfortunately, this house is small, and we cannot manage more than one spare room." As she was replacing the sheet in a fresh envelope, she heard Sir Louis's voice inquiring for her. The assistant replied, and he sat down, saying he was in no hurry. From behind the muslin curtain she saw a distant neighbour, a country gentleman named Stratton, enter with two chubby boys, supply each with buns, and turn to speak to Sir Louis. First, about a case which had come before him on the bench (for increasing deafness had not yet been considered an impediment to the performance of magisterial duties—at least down West). He had a great deal to say about this case, which he had thought proper to send to the Exeter assizes, but which Sir Louis would have disposed of at once. Mr. Stratton, however, owing to his infirmity, imagined that the Baronet entirely agreed with him, and felt that he had done an exceedingly wise thing. Then, proceeding to lighter matters, he said, alluding to the mummy—"I saw the bidding likely to run high. You were

too eager; if I could have got near I would have dropped you a hint. It wasn't worth the money."

"But I wanted the thing," said Sir Louis.

"Wanted the tin!" exclaimed Mr. Stratton, in pure amazement.

"I wished to have it particularly. I wish to add it to the collection at the Court. It will be a fine contrast to the Egyptian mummy."

"Wretched mother!" Mr. Stratton whispered to himself. If Mrs. Vivian was wretched, how in the name of fortune was a dried-up Australian native to put her into good spirits?

Seeing his look of bewilderment, Sir Louis roared out benevolently: "It is to be added to the Court collection—the Mu-se-um—though what—" he continued in a more rapid and lower key—"on earth could possess anybody to call that ill-arranged conglomeration of odds and ends a museum, it would be hard to say. I have written," he continued, again raising his voice, "to London for a person who understands these things, to come down to the Court and set all the rubbish in order. I hope by and by you will see a great change for the better. At present it is more like a lumber-room than a museum."

Mr. Stratton caught so much of the Baronet's speech as to make out that a competent person was coming from London, and that all the rubbish was to be consigned to the lumber-room, preparatory to a great change in the house.

"Oh! ah! yes. I'll be bound he won't find much rubbish, though. Your aunt didn't like rubbish about her. Well, well, 'tis a change indeed. I congratulate you on making it. What does Mrs. Vivian say? Will she remain at the Court?"

All the neighbourhood wanted to know that; for that Sir Louis was going to marry one of the Maurices had long been settled.

"Why on earth should she not? Her rooms are all on the south side; she need not go near the museum till it is in perfect order." Which Mr. Stratton translated freely into the following:

"That Mrs. Vivian cared no more than the Mewstone as long as the place was kept in proper order, and she was allowed to retain her rooms on the south side."

Wishing to put a stop to Mr. Stratton's interrogatories, Sir Louis walked to the opposite counter, and spoke again to the confectioner, who bustled to the back of the shop and told her assistant to tell Miss Maurice Sir Louis Vivian was waiting for her.

"And when are all these alterations to take place?" Mr. Stratton inquired with an affectation of extreme mystery, as Julia appeared at the door of the private dining-room.

"Why, immediately; at least as soon as I can get a competent person from London."

"In May? Oh, ah!" and Mr. Stratton walked up to Julia, shook hands with her warmly, and insisted on crossing the road to the hotel with them, to put her on her horse.

"I ain't a bit surprised, my dear, not a bit; my wife saw it coming—oh, long ago. I'm glad of it. I'm uncommonly glad to see one of you settled; so many daughters, and that sort of thing, you know. Excuse me," he went on, as he examined stirrup and girth—"excuse me, my dear. I'm a plain man, and knew your father, bless me, when he was a young spark of nineteen; little he thought then that he would be an admiral, and father to such a handsome daughter as you."

Julia prudently answered all this by a smile and nod, and rode off, well pleased with her morning's work, and particularly with Mr. Stratton's congratulation, which might help the thing to become true, she thought. There was enough in the paragraph she had added to Herbert's letter to keep him away a while longer; and even a day might make a great difference now. So she smiled brightly on Sir Louis, who, however, only spoke once, during this long ride, and that was to tell her to bring her sisters to the Court soon, and show them the new mummy.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT THE SPIDER SAYS TO THE FLY.

JULIA took her sister to the Court before many days had passed, ostensibly to see the mummy, really to gain another chat if possible with the Baronet. But Mrs. Vivian did the honours of the mummy, and in answer to a blunt question from Clara, informed them that her son was looking after his mining property in Cornwall. Dr. Vandeleur came down shortly after, so that Sir Louis's return might be inferred, but everything seemed to militate against his coming to Wembury. Dr. Vandeleur was unable to remain even the week he had promised, and Henrietta, invited by Mrs. Vivian for that week, was easily persuaded to stay a while longer, so that there was no need of inquiry after her health from the inhabitants of the Court; and whenever the girls went to see their sister, it was obvious enough that Mrs. Vivian intended to keep them quite out of her son's way. Captain Waldron had not made his appearance as yet, but the Admiral still chose to speak of his arrival as imminent, and mysteriously referred the delay to private affairs; which, translated by Lizzie to mean that he was looking out for a wife, was an additional cause of torment to Julia. And so the winter set in, most inauspiciously. She began to lose her brilliant colour; began to find herself less the object of universal notice. People said she was fading, and would have to give place to the pretty younger sister, and turn into a wall-flower. Some such remarks she heard, couched in no tones of regret, but the contrary; for many and many a time had she presumed on her good looks to spoil the game of an incipient wall-flower, or of a shy, new plain girl; and these and their mothers and sisters remembered these things against her, and took their revenge.

She scrutinized her face in her glass, and was forced to admit, shuddering,

that it was true. Her cheeks were fading, her eyes were becoming languid, her very eyebrows were losing their pure arch, and men were beginning to extol Lizzy's! The minx, who ought to be in the schoolroom learning German verbs, was actually supplanting her with her tricks of dimple and drooped eyelashes! And now she began in despair to make acquaintance with superfine rouge and pearl white, not to mention certain villainous preparations which give fictitious lustre to the eyes. Thus tinted, she again asserted her supremacy for a time; yet with sinking heart, haunted ever by the fear of her fraud being found out, and bringing her into worse contempt; for she knew how she had used her world, and was too wise to expect quarter.

All this time Mrs. Vivian was building up an air-castle, in which a certain Lady Florence figured as *châtelaine*. This Lady Florence was the youngest daughter of a distant relative of the late Lady Caroline, who, on the strength of the connexion, had invited herself to Vivian Court for a week during the autumn, and had patronised Mrs. Vivian rather extensively. With the patronage, however, there was mingled a certain judicious amount of flattery on the subject of that only son, whose virtues Mrs. Vivian daily extolled to all and sundry. The dowager duchess had this one daughter, still hanging on her hands in the most unaccountable and disgraceful way. This daughter was not in the first bloom of youth, neither was Sir Louis. She was plain; so was he. She was quiet and studious; so was he. *Ergo*, they were made for each other: and the two mothers bent their efforts to bring about the match. Mrs. Vivian, truly, thought herself the most magnanimous party in the tacit treaty of alliance. "I dare say I shan't see much of him when he's married, dear fellow," she was wont to say to herself. "She naturally will like to have her own grand relations about her, and I shall be in the way. But a duke's daughter has a right to be high; and it will be a good connexion for him. I can go back

to Dorking, and he can come and see me now and then; and I know he will let me have a hundred a year to help my own little income."

Some such thoughts as these were passing through her mind, as she sat in the morning-room before her writing-table, answering a friendly note from the dowager duchess, inviting her and her son to spend Christmas-week with them in the north, and giving a faithful bulletin of her grace's nervous headaches, and Lady Florence's studies. "Who would have thought," said Mrs. Vivian to herself, as she sealed and carefully directed the envelope, "that I should ever come to be in correspondence with a duchess, or that my dear Louis might be a duke's brother-in-law for the asking!" And she turned to Henrietta, who was lying near the fire reading the paper, and remarked that the ways of Providence were very mysterious: to which Henrietta assented briefly, not seeing what gave rise just then to the utterance of the sentiment, but supposing that her hostess meant it merely as an interjectional remark by way of redeeming the time.

"Yes," Mrs. Vivian said: and then she began considering how she should best give Henrietta some inkling of what was uppermost in her mind, without exactly having the air of talking over Louis's affairs with a third person, or without appearing to say, what nevertheless she wished to have understood, "My son's wife must rank higher than a retired admiral's daughter." While she stood by the fire pondering ever and weighing her words, visitors were announced, and she had to go to the drawing-room to receive them. When she returned, it was with a cloud on her usually cheery face, and Sir Louis unwittingly made it a blacker one, by remarking to Henrietta at luncheon that it was a fine day, and that, if either of her sisters happened to come up, he should be happy to ride with her in the afternoon. Mrs. Vivian looked daggers during this civil speech, and Henrietta, conscious that something was wrong,

felt nervous and uncomfortable, and heartily wished herself at home.

It was not till late in the afternoon, when there was no chance of either of the girls dropping in, that Mrs. Vivian bethought herself of having given the rein to her carnal temper. Then she strove to make amends by petting Henrietta more than usual, and speaking of Dr. Vandeleur. From Henrietta's dear Jack to her dear Louis was but one step, and gradually her matrimonial plans for him became unfolded, and the cause of that day's annoyance.

"My dear, it was Mrs. Henley who put me out so. It was wrong of me, I confess; but really, knowing as I do, what a match Louis is likely to make, it was most trying to hear her nonsense. Now you know, my dear, that my son is not a man to do anything precipitately; and I believe that he and Lady Florence perfectly understand each other. And so you may just imagine what I felt when Mrs. Henley actually congratulated me on his approaching marriage with your sister Julia!"

Henrietta blushed deeply. "I am sure," she said, in a tone of much annoyance, "that no one would feel more hurt, more distressed, than my sister, if she knew this. She would never come near this house again. How on earth could such—" "a report have arisen," she was going to say, but stopped, remembering suddenly her mother's silly remarks to Mrs. Henley, as well as the comments of the latter respecting the picture in the dining-room.

"I am sure I cannot tell," Mrs. Vivian went on. "It was not you, or I, who set the report going. I only know she told me everybody considered it a settled thing, and that they were going up the Nile for the honeymoon!"

"I do wish people would mind their own business!" Henrietta exclaimed, very angry, and resolved to return home the next day, and never come to stay at Vivian Court till Sir Louis was married.

"I wish they would. I assure you, my dear, I am annoyed almost as much on your sister's account as on my son's. It might be highly injurious to her. I

told Mrs. Henley that there was not the slightest foundation for the report, and begged her to contradict it most positively."

Henrietta was out of patience. "My sister will never forgive Mrs. Henley this—at least, I should not in her place. Mrs. Vivian, I don't feel as if I could stay here any longer. You must let me go home to-morrow, please, and we must see a little less of each other for a time. People will have something else to talk about by and by."

No, Mrs. Vivian said: she did not wish that. Henrietta's companionship was a pleasure and a comfort to her.

"Thank you," said Henrietta; "but for Julia's sake I ought to go home now. I can't bear the idea of her name being bandied about the neighbourhood. People will be saying next that—that she has been jilted."

"Oh, my dear child, I hope not. They shan't, if I can prevent it." But she did not press Henrietta to prolong her visit; feeling instinctively what Louis's horror would be, should such a report come to his ears. She was, on the contrary, glad that Henrietta's visit had been thus of her own free-will curtailed, and there was no word said about repeating it.

Henrietta found things in a very uncomfortable state when she returned to Wembury. The Admiral was unusually cross; her mother was laid up with influenza, Miss Brydges was complaining of various violations of schoolroom rules, and Lizzy and Julia were enjoying a fit of sulks, each in her own room. The Admiral was the easiest pacified. He had been suffering from the want of companionship during Henrietta's absence; and although it was his own fault—for he had sent both wife and daughters to Coventry for some imagined want of subordination in household affairs—he still felt it very severely. Herbert was still coming, he said; but the truth was, the young man was waiting for a signal from Julia that the impending visit of Dr. Vandeleur was over. And Julia, as it may be supposed, was in no hurry to give him any such signal.

One blowy, rainy afternoon, Julia and her sister were preparing themselves for a long drive to Mrs. Stratton's, where they were to dine and spend the night, when the clanging of the door-bell and the barking of all the dogs told of an unusual arrival. Presently after, Emily rushed into Julia's room, followed by Clara, both announcing that Cousin Herbert was come.

"And oh, he does look so ill!" said one.

"And so handsome!" said the other; "such eyes!"

Julia set her teeth. Only the day before, Henrietta had told her of the reason of her cutting short her visit to Mrs. Vivian. She had not intended to mention it, she said, but she had no choice; for without a good reason to the contrary, nothing would prevent the girls from taking walks in the Vivian grounds, and entering the Museum at all times and seasons, as Sir Louis had once asked them to do. Mrs. Vivian, Julia knew, had not been near Henrietta since the latter's return. And now Herbert was come, and could not be put off any longer by lies and subterfuges. Julia knew well enough that he would have a "yes" or "no" from her before he had been in the house very long, unless she kept to her own room, which would be tiresome and inconvenient. She felt that a crisis of some sort was at hand, too, with respect to the Baronet. Marry this Lady Florence he should not if she could prevent it; yet how to prevent it she knew less than ever. She did not come down till the last moment, when her father's voice resounded through the house, declaring that if she were not ready he must leave her behind. Her heart beat with fear lest Herbert should meet her on her way down, and she hurried past the drawing-room door like a culprit, and felt relieved when they had actually driven off, and the meeting was inevitably postponed till the next day. Her father beguiled the way by grumbling at Herbert for coming on a day when they were engaged out; and when she roused herself from her own thoughts to observe that it did not

matter, she was only growled at for her pains, and reproved for want of cousinly feeling.

Mrs. Stratton, a fat, motherly woman, who, having no daughters of her own, could afford to be fond of the handsome daughters of Admiral Maurice, was waiting to receive them upstairs; and sending the lady's-maid about her business, began, in a tearful, hysterical voice:—

"Oh, my dear Miss Maurice, I did it for the very best, but you'll never forgive me! Only, my dear, it can't be helped now, and if you will be so good as to come down—Mr. Stratton can't bear to see a gap at table, or else I wouldn't press it—but I'll see that you don't come in contact."

"I don't understand you in the least, Mrs. Stratton," said Julia, drawing herself up to her full height. "With whom am I not to come in contact?"

"Oh, my dear, I don't want to mention names. I was so shocked, indeed I was, to hear that it was all off, when Sir Louis himself had said it was to be immediately. And my husband was pleased, naturally; and told everybody about it. And we thought it would be pleasant for you to meet; and I got a beau for Miss Lizzy, too. Oh, dear, dear, I wouldn't have had this happen in my house for something. And my husband is so put out! Indeed, my dear, we both feel very much for you."

"Thank you," said Julia, ironically, but with a parched throat and violent beating of the heart.

"Oh, my dear!" and Mrs. Stratton rushed to the bell and rang for wine and sal-volatile.

"I don't want anything, thank you. It was not remarkably pleasant to hear what you had to tell me, but I don't see why I should care, after all, as there is not a particle of truth in it."

Lizzy, who had kept silent, save an interjection or two, till now, exclaimed in corroboration: "No, indeed, and why should she care? I wouldn't. It's only people's spite;" and then looked at her sister for a glance of approval. But Julia had something else to think of.

"It is not true," she began, deliberately, "and yet I do not wonder very much at people's talking so. But it will all come right before long. I don't know whether to be glad or sorry to have to meet him to-day. It may be fortunate. Shall we go down, Mrs. Stratton?"

"I see, my dear," said the good woman, kissing her; "only a misunderstanding. I'll give my husband a hint; he'll be so glad, you don't know. And try to make it up, my dear; do. I'll manage that you shall have the little room behind the billiard-room to yourselves this evening; nobody ever goes there."

"You dear, kind soul," murmured Julia, giving her a butterfly kiss as they passed out of the room; she feeling that the last card in her game was to be played that evening, and steadily refusing to contemplate failure; Mrs. Stratton all eagerness to tell her husband that things were not so bad after all.

Nevertheless, it was a trial to Julia's highly-wrought nerves to encounter Mrs. Vivian; to be told, in a patronising tone, that she was looking very nice, and to be tapped on the shoulder by that lady's bespangled fan. A few months ago, she would have patronised Mrs. Vivian: but the widow had been taking lessons from the dowager duchess in the art of making people feel their proper position, and, her wits being sharpened through love for her son, she had arrived at a very fair proficiency. She had set up an eye-glass, too; a double eye-glass, in a magnificent gold setting, which she wore dangling from a chain at her belt, also *à la duchesse*. And through this she was enabled to keep a sharp watch on the Miss Maurices' behaviour all dinner-time, to their extreme annoyance, and to the discomfiture of Lizzy in particular. For Lizzy had undertaken a flirtation with a young man whom everybody knew to be engaged, and was progressing splendidly, when she caught the terrible eye-glass turned full on her. Once inspected and brought to confusion, Mrs. Vivian let Lizzy alone, and turned to observe Julia, who was really doing

nothing except eat her dinner, but who was filled with impotent rage at being thus looked over.

"Come away from that end of the room," she whispered to Lizzy, as they re-entered the drawing-room in the wake of the matrons of the party. "Lizzy, I think I would give a year of my life to pay back that Irishwoman's impertinence."

And then they amused themselves indifferently well with annuals and photographs, and sips of coffee, and listened with secret yawnings to the scraps of nursery information with which Mrs. Stratton regaled them from time to time. Then the door opened and Sir Louis came in, and groped his way through an archipelago of small tables and tapestry chairs towards Mrs. Stratton, who graciously made place for him beside her.

"Metal more attractive here, eh, Sir Louis?"

Sir Louis bowed. "I left the gentlemen very busy talking about mangel-wurzel, and so forth. I suppose the subject is an interesting one to those who understand it. I don't."

Then Mrs. Stratton got up to look after her other guests, but came back presently; and seeing that Julia remained silent, while Lizzy was doing all the conversation, benevolently observed:

"You seem rather dull, good folks. Don't you think a game of billiards would enliven you?"

Sir Louis rose and offered his arm. "Are we to have the pleasure of your company?"

"Well, I never did! That doesn't look like making it up," thought Mrs. Stratton. "No, thank you, I'm not clever at billiards; but Miss Maurice is, and I daresay a game would amuse her."

"It looks as if there had been something desperate, my dear," she whispered to Lizzy, as the two marched out together.

Lizzy was learning not to waste her ammunition; i.e. not to lie verbally when a sign might serve the purpose. She merely sighed and shook her head.

"Is Mrs. Vivian at the bottom of it, my dear? I ask because I see you

haven't done more than speak to each other, and I had imagined you were all so intimate."

Lizzy hesitated. "Mrs. Vivian is Henrietta's particular friend. She has always been very kind to Henrietta, and—she's dotingly fond of *him*, you know."

"Oh, ah, I see. Jealous. Well, I'm sure I think she might be thankful to get such a sweet daughter-in-law, and one that will do the honours so well. Ah, my dear, men think a good deal of the figure the wife will make at the head of the dinner-table." And then, good-natured Mrs. Stratton, seeing some of the younger men approaching, walked off, that she might not spoil Lizzy's amusement.

"Those girls do flirt," she would say, when the matrons of her acquaintance shook their heads at the two handsome Miss Maurices' behaviour. "They do flirt, and I am not going to attempt to deny it. But if I were as young and as handsome, and as much noticed in society, I think I should do exactly the same. So I won't join in your abuse of them, my dear." From which last speech, the said matrons concluded that in spite of Mrs. Stratton's well-known devotion to her deaf husband and her unruly boys, her morals were at a very low ebb, and that it was providential she had no daughters.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FLY WALKS IN UNAWARES.

"WHAT shall it be? *Sans égal* is a very good game for two players," said Sir Louis, taking down the cues from the rack.

"I don't care what it is," she said, taking the cue he handed to her. She was an excellent billiard-player, and at another time she might have amused herself at the Baronet's blunders. But now she knew she must keep her energies for another game.

Sir Louis knew that he played badly, but he knew also that he was improving every day; that he might soon come to

beat most lady-players, if he chose, from the simple fact of his trusting nothing to chance—of always giving a reason to himself for every stroke of his cue—whether he were playing, or simply practising alone. He was surprised to find that Julia made no way against him this time,—surprised and ever so slightly vexed, for even so frivolous a thing as a game of billiards—as he held it—was worth playing well, if played at all.

"You are not playing well to-night," he said at last. "Take care, or I shall beat you hollow."

She laughed. "Luck is against me, I suppose. Never mind."

"Another foul stroke! Don't you know, Miss Maurice, that the angle of reflection is the reverse of the angle of incidence? That is just the *pons asinorum* of the billiard-player."

"Of course I know it! I believe I am not in the mood to-night; a child might beat me. Do you know," she continued hurriedly, "I have heard three strange reports about you since—since yesterday—and all three contradicting each other. This neighbourhood is greatly interested in your proceedings, Sir Louis."

"Much obliged to it," said he, with real nonchalance.

"There was something said about me—me—too," she continued. "When I saw you here to-night, I thought, what a bold man you must be!"

"You are speaking riddles," said he, still showing but little anxiety for the solving of them by tone or manner.

"Shall I tell you?" she went on, playing her ball.

"If you please."

"It was this." She drew herself away quite to the other side of the table, and looked him full in the face. "That you were engaged to me. That we were to be married immediately, you said, and go up the Nile."

He threw down his cue with an exclamation.

"That is not all. The worst—or the best, you may think—is to come. My friends have been all condoling with me

for your ill-behaviour in—in—what did they call it? Jilting me! *Me!*"

Sir Louis began pacing the room in great perturbation. "Miss Maurice! Miss Julia! I am distressed beyond measure. I am completely bewildered at this—this most unjustifiable report. Jilt! I declare I would as soon be accused of forgery. I hold in abhorrence the wanton playing with the affections that the word implies."

"You men," she went on, speaking very low, "you men have a remedy. You can shoot or horsewhip the man who dares traduce your character. But we women!—we can but asseverate, put a bold face on the matter. And when that's done, people say, 'Ah, poor dear thing! See how bravely she keeps it up!' But they believe that she *was* jilted, for all that. They are talking it over now, I daresay, in the drawing-room. This is what I have had to bear to-day, Sir Louis. And I think for both our sakes—for mine, especially—that there had best be a cessation of our friendly intercourse until—until my third piece of news comes true. For, say they, you have jilted me—" she saw how he winced at the word, and laid an emphasis on it accordingly—"in order to marry a Lady Clara, or Lady Laura somebody. Allow me to congratulate you!" And she made him a deep, mocking curtsy, still keeping her eyes fixed on his face. She did not want rouge now, nor belladonna either, and she knew it.

"It is false!" he cried, angrily—"utterly false! Who has dared say so? Who has dared slander me thus—and you? If I knew of any man —"

"False! Did you say it was false?" she whispered, leaning over the table, and hiding her face in her hands. "False! Say it again."

"Utterly, completely false!" said he, taking his stand close beside her with an unaccountable impulse. She remained silent a moment. Then, with her face still hidden in her hands: "Forgive me for making you say what I had no right to know—no right either to know or care for. But—but—one

cannot always be brave. It will come to pass some time, no doubt. Till then, ah, forgive me! May I see you sometimes just as usual? I fancied you avoided me of late. I had no right to your society, I knew, and never pressed it. But—but—for so long now has it been the only thing that made my life worth having, that—that I cannot give it up till I must. Ah, what am I saying? No, no, no, I did not mean that. Have pity on me, Sir Louis, and leave me! Go away somewhere, anywhere, so that you do not cross my path. You are your own master. But I—I am but one daughter in a family. How can I leave my home, and my home duties and roam abroad, that people may not say of me—what they are daring to say!—*that I am pining away because of you!* Will you not go, in pity?" she cried, with a voice choking in sobs.

He took her hand. "And have you thought it worth while to love me? Poor child!" He bent down and stroked her hand pityingly, just as if she were a child that had bruised itself in falling. She felt his breath stir her hair as he sighed.

"Worth while?" she repeated, raising herself till their faces almost touched. There was a moment's pause. . . .

"Poor child!" he said again very sadly, half to himself.

"I will not be scorned!" she cried proudly, turning away from him.

"Scorned! I scorn you! Heaven forbid! I would study how to thank you for—for what I had never thought to win. Let me learn to love you, Julia."

* * * * *

They were sitting side by side, amiably enough, Mrs. Stratton thought, when she by and by entered, half out of curiosity, half to tell Sir Louis that Mrs. Vivian was anxious to get home before the moon went down.

"So you *have* brought him to the point at last!" exclaimed the admiring Lizzy, as she helped her sister to disrobe herself that night. "What a diplomatist you would make, Ju!"

It was a great relief to Julia to hear, on returning home next day, that Herbert was laid up in an *ague-fit*. The Admiral betook himself to the invalid's room, and stayed there till dinner-time. Julia took some trouble to find out how long the fit was going to last, but her father, according to his usual provoking, mysterious habit, did not choose to supply the information, only said he should not hear of his leaving Wembury for the winter; which news she had to digest as best she could.

It would never do, she thought, for things not to be squared between them before Sir Louis came openly as her future husband. Herbert's temper was never of the best, and things might be said which were better unsaid. Yet she tore up sheet after sheet before she could write a letter to her mind—something decided, yet not too cruel. Just as she thought she had hit on a right beginning, a summons came to attend her father in his study. It was a small chamber fitted up with shelves, and full of barometers, maps, globes, and nautical instruments,—the chamber of horrors, the girls called it, since they never entered it except on command, and generally to receive a reprimand extraordinary for some violation of discipline. The Admiral, however, was in a wonderfully good humour. "I've had a letter from Sir Louis about you," he said, pushing his spectacles up to his forehead; "a very nice letter, if 'twere not written in such a confoundedly small hand. And here's one that I'm to give to you, if I see fit. I call that open and aboveboard."

"I suppose I may open it," said she, taking the letter daintily.

"Of course, unless you wish it retained."

In which gracious manner the Admiral signified his consent; and then for the second time ran through the contents of his letter, wherein the Baronet had set forth his worldly circumstances and his intentions as to settlements and so forth, as frankly and lucidly as a father could wish.

"Then you consent?" she said, when

she had read hers. She did not half like it. There was much more about his mother's comfort and happiness in it than about his or hers. What was his mother to her but a tiresome, stiff, sanctimonious old Irishwoman, to be put aside at the first opportunity?

"You womenkind can't bear anything like a practical statement," said her father; "but for once just take the trouble to glance over this page, where you'll find everything relating to money matters set down in the most straightforward manner. He means to make you comfortable, you will see."

She looked through the page with but half-concealed eagerness, and murmured that she thought she understood. That matter-of-fact statement was more interesting, truly, than his letter to her.

"Then I suppose it's all settled," said the Admiral. Then he kissed her, and murmured something huskily which sounded like a blessing; and she escaped to her room to write that letter which brooked no further delay, leaving him wiping his eyes and his spectacles, and thinking she was his favourite after all, and he should not know how to get on without her, in spite of Henrietta or Herbert either. But he never thought of standing in her way. He must die one of these days, and then the girls must leave Wembury for some smaller place; and one so well married would be a comfort to think of on his death-bed. And then he got out his will, and read it over, as he did sometimes when a gloomy fit came over him.

And Julia wrote to her two lovers,—to Herbert, declaring once for all that she had never loved him: to Sir Louis, begging him to bring his mother as soon as he liked. She laughed as she wrote, "*Your dear mother.*" "I wonder how the old thing took the news?" she said aloud. "I wonder if she cried, or what? Little she thought I was going to supplant her Lady Florence! I suppose they will come, both of 'em, to-morrow, and we shall kiss, and make pretty speeches, and call each other 'dear,' she and I. And it will be as good as a play."

It was more startling than pleasant to hear Herbert's voice on the stairs, as she stood, arranging a few winter-flowers for the drawing-room table, and dressed—not rouged to-day—to receive Sir Louis and Mrs. Vivian. A minute after, he entered, and bade her good-morning, as coolly as she could have wished. She answered, fingering the flowers, and looking down, having just grace enough left to feel abashed in his presence.

"I wish," said he, sitting down on a sofa where he could get a full view of her face, "to hear from your own lips, if you have no objection, what your note gave me to understand yesterday."

"Yes," she said, softly, and with eyes cast down, it was true. In fact—she was engaged. She knew she had not treated him well; youth must be her excuse. She should always feel grateful to him for his affection; and as a cousin—

He stopped her there. "You might have saved me the trouble of coming back to hear only this. That would have been more cousinly, Cousin Julia. What? Your last letter to me in India was all affection, and this note"—he drew it, all crumpled, out of his breast-pocket—"this note tells me you never loved me. In plain words, one or other is a lie."

He was clearly angry, now; and she liked him all the better for it.

"I thought it was true at one time," she said; "and then—hoped to make it truth, I did indeed. And—you know you were impetuous, Herbert, and I was afraid of you, and did not understand myself—"

"I never bullied a woman yet," he interrupted, "and was it likely I was going to practise upon you? The long and short of it is, that you've changed your mind. You've grown worldly-wise, and don't any longer see the glory of being a poor soldier's wife. You did once; but you were young then, as you say. Well! I'd have done my best to make you comfortable. And my old granny would have remembered us both—she's a kind old woman—but that's neither here nor there now." He stopped and breathed hard, setting his teeth to keep

down his emotion, half anger, half sorrow. He had loved her his very best, and it was hard to be told now that she had never cared for him. Mortifying, above all things, after his telling his cronies out in India that he was going to bring his wife back. Why, he had actually inquired about the Overland route of some of the ladies who had lately joined, on Julia's account. And now to be told she had never loved him!

"You will give me back my letters," said she, hardening herself to look straight at him at last.

Had she but seen him before that dinner-party, she thought, dropping her eyes again, and trying hard to swallow the knob that would rise in her throat! Here was a man! tall, straight as a poplar, with a pair of hands fit for beauty to clasp hers, thin to transparency, and white as a piece of china. Where did the Baronet get his broad, clumsy paws? Ay, from his mother the Irishwoman, no doubt. She looked up once more and caught his eyes fixed upon her, scanning her from head to foot covetously. Magnificent blue eyes, better than hers, thought she, half relenting.

But the time-piece struck, and she hardened again. "I must have my letters."

"Certainly," he rejoined. "Let us make an exchange." There was less of wounded feeling in his voice now, and more of contempt than she liked. He saw how anxious she was to have her love-letters back—how anxious to get rid of him.

"It was silly of us ever to be engaged, Herbert. We might have known—even had there been no change on either side—that Papa's prejudice against cousins' marrying would never give way."

He laughed. "Why, the Admiral told me an hour ago that he looked upon me as a son."

She shook her head, and played with her watch-chain. There was a carriage stopping at the front door, and the bell clanging through the house. "It's no

use talking," she said, hurriedly. She knew it was the Vivian Court carriage.

"Shake hands, Cousin Herbert, and please, please don't be more angry with me than you can help."

Surely that was the door opening. They must be in the hall now. Was he staying on purpose to humble her? A minute more, and the Irishwoman's sharp eyes would be looking her through and through.

"Even as cousins we need not part so," said he, rising languidly. "Give me one kiss, Cousin Julia; just one, to repay me for loving you all these years."

"Take it, and go," she whispered, with her ear strained to catch the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

"By heaven, I believe you love me!" he cried, kissing her passionately. "Let us go on as we were, Julia. Throw over this engagement. I don't believe your heart is in it."

She thought for a moment that she had a heart, and that it was going to break. Here was a man who had made her only scornful, derisive speeches for the last quarter of an hour and more, but who loved her like a man. Was not this fire and fury better than yon mumbling lump of ice? She clung to him, and hid her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, Herbert, Herbert! if you had but come here a little sooner. But it's too late now. Yes, I do love you, even now, Herbert!" No, this would never do, this melting mood. The

words were scarcely out of her mouth when she repented them. She broke away from him, and ran to the window.

"Why should it be too late?" said he, following her and attempting to take her hand.

But she was herself again. "Leave me," she cried, passionately; "leave me! He will be here in an instant."

His eye fell upon the carriage just turning down the drive. "Oh, I understand. Yes, I think it was the best thing you could do to throw me over. I couldn't offer you anything at all equal to that, you know."

"Sir Louis Vivian, Mrs. Vivian," said Wallis, throwing open the door with alacrity. Herbert vanished, with a mocking bow to his cousin.

She came from the window, and met them half-way. The Baronet took her hand and put it in his mother's, saying very solemnly, "This is your daughter that is to be."

And Mrs. Vivian threw back her veil, and looked her through and through, saying, "My dear, I love everything and everybody that my son calls his own; and I will love you if you will let me." And as she said it, she felt that she disapproved of Julia Maurice more strongly than ever. As for Julia herself, she felt, as she told Lizzy afterwards, as much weighed down as if she had been at a funeral.

"But, of course, you know," rejoined Lizzy, "you'll make her know her place as soon as you're fairly married."

To be continued.

THORVALDSEN'S MUSEUM IN COPENHAGEN.

BY REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

COPENHAGEN is one of the most interesting capitals of Europe, and yet it is difficult to point out exactly in what the interest connected with it lies. Its situation is not picturesque, and its buildings are not distinguished for architectural beauty, consisting chiefly of lofty brick structures covered with stucco, and presenting a very bald and monotonous appearance. The people are very quiet and primitive in their ways; and, with the exception of the *fêtes* in the Tivoli Gardens and the Alhambra, there are none of those fashionable gaieties and amusements which are to be found in such abundance in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. Perhaps the serenity and repose of the place, and the simplicity of the manners and customs, may contribute much to the indefinable charm, as well as the feeling that one is beyond the usual tourist ground, and in a region comparatively fresh and unknown. In summer the sky overhead is peculiarly bright, and the sunshine warmer than it is in Britain. Everywhere in the city there is the gleam of water, for it is intersected and islanded in all directions by canals and harbours, and the placid Sound reflects the overhanging buildings on its bosom, and brings the fresh breath of ocean into the most crowded market-places. So common is this element of beauty, that Copenhagen has been called "the Venice of the North." The magnificence of the avenues of lime and chestnut trees that lead from the heart of the city to its suburbs, especially when in full blossom, loading the air with fragrance, and lighting up the green gloom with their white flowery candelabra, requires to be seen in order to be appreciated. All ranks meet and mingle in the various places of public resort on familiar terms, and with mu-

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tual consideration and respect. The society of the better classes is fully as cultivated and refined as it is anywhere in Europe. We in Britain know very little of the literature of Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen being almost the only Danish author with whose writings we are acquainted. And yet in history they have had the two Niebuhrs, father and son; in poetry and general literature, Evald, Baggesen, Wessel, Holberg, Grundtvig, Rabbell, Heiberg, Molbech, Ingemann, and, greatest of all, Oehlenschläger, whose statue, in bronze, is conspicuous in one of the squares. Worsaae, the successor of Thomsen, the founder of the unique Museum of Northern Antiquities, is one of the most accomplished antiquarians in Europe; Steenstrup has a world-wide reputation as a scientific discoverer; and Carsten Hauch, the poet, has inherited the mantle of Oehlenschläger, and continues to enrich the poetic stores of his country by his dramas and lyrics. But by far the most illustrious of the great names of Denmark is that of Thorvaldsen. Copenhagen is in fact the city of Thorvaldsen—the Mecca of sculpture. His museum is the "sight" of the place. His memory is the glory of the people. The booksellers' shops are full of photographs of his person and works; and copies of his busts and statues, in all sizes and materials, may be seen exposed for sale in almost every second window.

Of course we visited the shrine of this remarkable hero-worship, and ceased to wonder at the popular enthusiasm. Thorvaldsen's museum—and also his mausoleum, for he is buried within its walls—is situated on an island formed by an encircling canal towards the west-end of the city. It is so close as almost to form part of the huge pile called the Christiansborg Palace, and is

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a square yellowish-looking building in the Egyptian style, singularly ugly. The outside is covered with pictures, produced by the inlaying of differently-coloured cements in the walls, representing on one side the hero's triumphant return home, after an absence of eighteen years, in the same ship which conveyed his works from Rome; and, on the other side, the transport of these works by an enthusiastic crowd to the museum. The façade represents Fame in her fiery car drawn by four horses, in bronze. Passing in by a side door, we examined with interest the colossal plaster busts, statues, and friezes in the entrance-hall—models for monuments which Thorvaldsen executed for different cities—prominent among which was the statue of Pius VII. seated in the papal chair, supported by allegorical figures. Before inspecting the contents of the corridor—Christ's Hall—and the different rooms on the ground-floor, the keeper led us to a wide court in the centre of the building paved with stones and roofed by the sky, at that moment one brilliant flawless sapphire. The surrounding walls were painted with palms and other decorations of antique tombs. "There is his grave," said our guide, pointing to a small plot of ivy growing almost on a level with the pavement in the midst of which it was set. The sun shining in through the open roof lingered on the green spot, and burnished the ivy leaves, while the shadows projected by the walls elsewhere were cool and dark. It was touchingly simple. No marble monument, no elegiac inscription—not even his name carved on the pavement—nothing but the small-leaved ivy, clustering closely together, that wreathes alike the ruins of human art and the remains of man himself with its unfading green. It might be said of him, as it was said of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, "If you wish to see his monument, look around." There he reposes amid the creations of his genius—no less than six hundred and fifty in number, most of which have achieved a world-wide reputation.

There is no other mausoleum like it in the world. No monarch ever had such a resting-place, as this son of a poor ship-carpenter. I longed to pluck a leaf as a memorial, but I felt that it would have been a species of sacrilege. Gazing with uncovered head upon the ivy, I remembered that Thorvaldsen himself had stood on the same spot, and looked down for a long time in silence into the open grave, which, according to his instructions, the architect had made when the building was completed. I thought of that wonderful funeral procession of which the King of Denmark and his son formed the head, and in which almost the whole nation were mourners, and of the garland of flowers woven by the hand of the queen, placed beside Thorvaldsen's chisel on the coffin. Surely, never was artist so honoured in life and death. And this little plot of ivy was the end of it all!

Around the courtyard runs a series of small apartments, each opening into the other, and each of a different colour and design. The walls are neutral-tinted, and the ceilings painted in the Pompeian style with brilliant colours and with much artistic skill—the work of the pupils of the Copenhagen Academy of Arts. Each apartment contains a single marble statue or group, while the walls are decorated with appropriate bas-reliefs, whose playful fancy and endless variety are exceedingly charming. The light in each room is so arranged as to be as much as possible that of the studio, that each statue and bas-relief may be seen in the light in which it was executed; while the neutral tint of the walls brings out the exquisite whiteness of the marble and the beautiful outlines of the forms with the utmost distinctness. The arrangement and light of each apartment are such as to show its precious contents to the utmost advantage, and to impress them most vividly upon the mind and memory. It would be impossible within the limits of an article like this to go over all the sculptures in these rooms in detail: I can only briefly notice those

which are considered by the best judges of art to be the gems of the collection. In the first room, there is the lovely Ganymede pouring water into an empty cup, whose attitude and expression are perfect. In the eighth room, are marble reliefs of Night with her children Death and Sleep; and Morning with Aurora, the genii of light, accompanied by Cupid culling flowers from the stony ground, and collecting shells for an ornament. These *relievi* have a European reputation, have been copied in marble and biscuit innumerable times, and may be seen in photographs everywhere. In the corridor is a splendid group of Hector the Trojan hero in the chamber of Helen reproaching Paris for his cowardice; and also a model in stucco of the celebrated Lion of Lucerne.

The statue, however, upon which we gazed the longest, not only on account of its own high artistic merits, but also on account of the interesting personal associations connected with it, was that of Jason with the Golden Fleece, exhibited in the fifth room. This statue illustrates the turning-point in the life of Thorvaldsen. It was the foundation of all his marvellous success and reputation. He conceived the idea of it when in Rome studying at the expense of the Academy of Copenhagen, and made a model, which he broke up in a fit of despondency. Afterwards he returned to the subject; and, working with extraordinary enthusiasm, soon completed a new model in clay larger than life, which excited general admiration. Canova was greatly struck with it when visiting the young artist's studio, and from it prophesied his future fame. For two months the Roman *dilettanti* and art-idlers visited Jason, and expressed much approval, but gave no substantial token of their admiration. Meanwhile, the circumstances of Thorvaldsen were as unfavourable as they could well be. His whole career in Rome up to this period was singularly unfortunate. He happened to come to the Eternal City at a time when the Papal government was brought into collision with the victorious

arms of Napoleon Buonaparte, and a series of skirmishes and internal convulsions took place, which ultimately resulted in the proclamation of a Roman Republic from the Capitol, the flight of the Cardinals, and the expulsion from the Chair of St. Peter of poor frail Pius VI., who shortly afterwards expired in exile. In this stormy political atmosphere there was obviously no calm or leisure in the city for the prosecution of the study of art. The principal statues had either already been sent away, or were packed up and waiting to be conveyed to Paris—whither Napoleon was in the habit of sending the works of art of which he had spoiled the galleries of Europe in his all-conquering march. The Apollo Belvedere, the group of the Laocoön, the Venus de' Medici, and the celebrated Torso, were indeed in Rome, but they were enclosed in packing-cases; and for purposes of study might as well have been immured in their native quarries. The climate, too, proved very unhealthy to his northern constitution. He was constantly subject to the Roman fever, which laid him aside from all work for long intervals. Add to this, that the groups of sculpture which he found leisure and strength to execute for the Copenhagen Academy—to satisfy his patrons regarding his progress and diligence—were detained on their passage home, and were kept so long at the custom-house that they failed to accomplish the object which he had in view, and not one of them was exhibited at the Royal Exposition of Arts. The two years which the Academy had granted him for study in Rome had expired; he had no means of his own to lengthen the period; his funds were so reduced that he had hardly enough money remaining to pay his passage home. He had heard nothing of or from his parents since he had left them. Everything seemed to conspire against him; so that his spirits, naturally somewhat melancholic, sank to zero, and he is reported to have said to a friend, "I cannot understand how a grown-up person can laugh." Despairing of success, the desponding sculptor made up his

mind to leave Rome for ever. The day of his departure was actually fixed; the *veturino* drove up to the door at the hour agreed upon, and everything was ready for the journey. But a Prussian sculptor with whom he had agreed to travel home failed at the last moment to make his appearance. After considerable delay he came, announcing that he was unable to get his passport properly *visé*, and therefore would not be allowed to go out of Rome that day. As Thorvaldsen had resolved not to travel without him, they had no alternative but to dismiss the *veturino* and postpone their departure till the following morning. Regarding this as another of the complications of fortune against him, he returned to his studies with a bitter heart. Late in the day a wealthy Englishman, the well-known Mr. Hope, called to see the model of Jason, which the sculptor had packed up in readiness to be sent home after him. Greatly struck with its beauty, Mr. Hope asked him how much it would cost in marble. Thorvaldsen agreed to execute it for three hundred guineas, which was far too small a sum for so important a work. But the artist was glad to get anything to do on almost any terms. Mr. Hope paid him 63*l.* in advance; but the block of Carrara marble which he had to purchase for the statue cost upwards of 140*l.*; so that the commission actually made him poorer than before. But, though in a pecuniary sense unprofitable, the patronage of the Englishman turned the tide of Thorvaldsen's fortune. The fame of his statue went forth immediately to the world. The Danish minister at the Neapolitan court, Baron Schubart, happening to be in Rome, and hearing of the genius of his young countryman, became greatly interested in him; and, besides bringing him under the notice of his sister the Countess Charlotte of Schimmelmann, who was high in favour at Court and the patroness of all the eminent poets and artists of the day, gave him an introduction to the highest circles of Roman society. The celebrated Baron Humboldt received him

as a familiar friend into his house, and exerted his powerful influence in his behalf. Proud of the rising reputation of his subject, the King of Denmark sent him a congratulatory note, with a considerable sum for his expenses; Hansen, the architect of the new palace at Copenhagen, engaged him to execute some statues for the decoration of the large saloons; the Countess Woronzoff ordered several marble groups, and commissions began to flow in upon him from crowned heads and the leading connoisseurs of sculpture in Europe. Everywhere he was beginning to be recognised as the equal, if not the superior, of Canova, his early teacher, and as the restorer of the long-lost art of Phidias and Praxiteles. The Academy of Florence, the most renowned in Europe, elected him one of its professors; a distinction which was speedily followed up by a similar appointment in the Copenhagen Academy. Greatly cheered by these proofs of universal appreciation, and with his health restored and his pecuniary circumstances much improved, Thorvaldsen, now in his thirty-fifth year, resolved to remain in Rome and work steadily, notwithstanding a most flattering and tempting invitation from the Crown Prince of Denmark, as President of the Danish Academy, to return to his native city for a time. Such being the associations connected with Jason, we were not surprised that he should have regarded it as his favourite statue. In the eighth room of the museum there is a statue of Hope, after an ancient Greek idea, in which he seems to have expressed all the pathos of his nature; and, as if practically punning upon the name of his first patron, he executed a model of himself in his seventieth year, leaning on a figure of Hope, which may be seen in the corridor. And yet the truth must be told: with a strange and unaccountable insensibility to the claims of Mr. Hope upon him, he delayed finishing the marble statue of Jason for no less than twenty-five years, although he had received part of the price in advance, and had been frequently reminded, and sometimes in pretty sharp terms, of his

engagement. Want of leisure could not have been urged as the excuse, for he had found time to execute a hundred commissions for others during the long interval; but the plea offered by his friends is that he was engaged in working out new ideas, which were more congenial to him than an old subject, and that an artist's engagements cannot be measured by the rules that apply to ordinary merchandise.

That portion of the museum called Christ's Hall is one in which the spectator is disposed to linger long. It contains casts of the statues of Christ and the Apostles; but, as these can be seen in marble in the Frue Kirke or metropolitan church of Copenhagen, they should be inspected there also, in order to form a correct idea of their matchless beauty. This church is one of the most interesting in Europe. Its interior is severely simple in its architecture, but very grand and imposing in its proportions. It has no other ornaments save the works of Thorvaldsen. These are so arranged as to form one harmonious whole—an epic in marble from the portico to the altar. The pediment is ornamented by an alto-relievo of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness; while the frieze over the entrance represents the triumphant entry of Christ into Jerusalem. On both sides of the great central aisle are ranged colossal marble statues of the Apostles—six on each side; St. Paul being substituted for Judas. It was originally intended that these statues should fill niches in the walls of the church, which the architect had made for the purpose; but when they came home, and were unpacked, they were found much too large for the niches, which had consequently to be filled up, and the statues were erected where they now stand. Thorvaldsen, it was well known, greatly disliked the common fashion of exhibiting works of art in niches, which he regarded as an ingenious method of lessening the labour of the sculptor and concealing defects behind. He wished that his statues should be seen on all sides, and found

complete in every part; and therefore, instead of remonstrating with the authorities, which he knew to be useless, he adopted the above simple expedient of compelling the architect to accede to his wishes. The wisdom of this plan is obvious to every one who visits the Frue Kirke; for nothing can exceed the grandeur of these twelve colossal figures—admirably lighted, standing out bold, and well-defined in all their exquisite symmetry, in the centre of the building. Each of the Apostles exhibits the individuality of character indicated in the Gospels, and the traditional style of dress and habit; but all are noble in their simplicity. St. James, with his palmer's hat slung behind him, was the sculptor's favourite statue; but were I to give an opinion of their respective merits, I should prefer St. John, which, to my mind, admirably expresses the manly fire and womanly gentleness of Boanerges, the beloved disciple. St. Peter and St. Paul were the only statues entirely modelled by Thorvaldsen himself. The others were modelled from his sketches and under his own inspection by a few select pupils; he himself giving the finishing touches before they were cast in plaster. It seems that the execution of these statues was the darling project of his life. No testimonial could have proved half so flattering to him as the order to prepare them in imperishable marble for the principal church of Denmark. "Thus," he was often heard to say, "should an artist be honoured."

We walked between these magnificent figures with a feeling of solemnity and awe—an avenue of genius leading up to the principal object of attraction, the statue of Christ behind the altar. In front of it, in the centre of the chancel, is an exquisitely lovely statue of a kneeling angel bearing a large concha on its outstretched arms. This forms the font; and the first child christened from it was that of Professor Bissen—the favourite pupil of Thorvaldsen, who acted as sponsor—in the presence of the king, queen, and royal family. None of the works of Thorvaldsen have

attained half the celebrity of the statue of Christ; with none of them are we in this country so familiar. The first view of it is somewhat disappointing—for, contrary to the sculptor's canon of art already noticed, it is placed in a niche surmounted by a heavy canopy of marble, supported by pillars. The projections of this background cast shadows which greatly interfere with the proper expression of the different parts of the figure. Were they removed altogether, and the statue seen in clear outline and relief in empty space, like the Apostles, its effect would be greatly enhanced. For an adequate idea of the Christ one should see the plaster cast in the Christ's Hall of the museum, which has no canopy or niche to shadow it. There one is lost in admiration of its matchless beauty and expressiveness. It is the most perfect representation I have ever seen of my ideal of our Lord. In my musing moments it often haunts me. It is certainly that "thing of beauty" which is a "joy for ever."

There are many, I am aware, who have conscientious scruples regarding any outward representation of Christ. The subject is too high, too sacred for the sculptor or the painter. To a certain extent I sympathise with this iconoclastic feeling. I cannot but regard it as a most convincing proof of the divine origin of Scripture, that while in all human writings a description of the personal appearance of their subjects is given, there is not in the Four Gospels, or in any of the sacred writings, a single word, a single hint, upon which to found any description of our Lord's personal appearance. We have the fullest portrait of the moral and spiritual lineaments of Him whom, not having seen, we love; but there is nothing whatever told us of His bodily features—His voice, His figure, His habits. This fact shows us how intensely spiritual is our Christianity; and I cannot but think it a wise intention of Heaven, owing to our proneness to cleave to some visible object of worship, that not a single authentic relic connected with the earthly life of our Saviour can be pointed out

at the present day; and the type of His appearance usually embodied in Christian art—with which we are all familiar alike in the picture-book of the child, and in Raphael's Transfiguration on the walls of the Vatican—is a merely ideal conception, a work of the imagination, resting on no preserved original, and having no warrant from Scripture.

But while I sympathise thus far with the feelings of the iconoclasts, I should not wish to proscribe altogether artistic representations of sacred subjects. To do so would be to banish pictures from our Bibles, and to deprive young and old alike of the rich source of delight and instruction which they derive from illustrations of the Great Biography. I believe that the desire to have an outward semblance of Christ is an instinct of our nature; an instinct that began to show itself practically from the earliest extant painting of our Lord in the catacombs of St. Calixtus in Rome, through the writings of the Fathers, on to the highest efforts of art in the paintings of the great masters; and so long as the representation is not worshipped as an idol, or made to minister in any way to a sensuous religion, whose spirituality has vanished amid the gorgeousness of its outward appearance,—so long as it is regarded as a mere artistic embodiment, I cannot see any harm in it. At all events, when admiring the statue of Thorvaldsen, or the painting of Raphael, I do not feel that I am guilty of idolatry, or sinning against the spirituality of my religion. I know that, as no human language could give an adequate description of our Saviour's outward form, even though the Evangelists had attempted it, so no work of art can worthily describe the ideal of Christ in the mind and heart. But still I can derive deep pleasure from the highest efforts made by men to embody this ideal, and the loftier the work the higher does my own ideal, like a sky, rise above it, and the more I am convinced that the subject baffles representation. The very limitations of the statue or the painting speak powerfully of the surpassing glory of the inspiring object.

Previous to these efforts of Thorvaldsen, sculptors had sought their subjects entirely from profane history and poetry, and it was feared by his admirers that, from his inexperience in this new field, and want of religious susceptibility, he would not be able to do justice to sacred subjects. But the result agreeably disappointed all; and though the artist, in common with many other men of genius, it is more than probable, regarded only the poetical aspect, and not the saving influence of Christianity, and treated the Founder of it and His Apostles as he would have done the beautiful and noble creations of Homer's genius, still no one can gaze upon his statue of Christ unmoved. It was indeed a labour of love to him. No other hands touched it save his own. The preliminary sketches occupied him a long time, and so many were destroyed before he was satisfied, that he almost despaired of succeeding. At first he represented our Saviour with His arms raised to heaven as if in prayer, but afterwards he altered the model to its present attitude, as if in the act of blessing the assembled throng of worshippers, and uttering the invitation from St. Matthew's Gospel, engraved on the pedestal, *Kommer til mig*, "Come unto Me." The drapery and attitude are singularly graceful, while the expression of the countenance is exquisitely lovely. A holy, superhuman calm broods over every feature, speaks through that eye of sorrow, and reigns on that august brow. It is as perfect a representation in material form as man can make of the face of Him who endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself, who pursued, amidst ill's past finding out, the even tenor of His way, as placidly as the earth turns upon its axis, while winds and waves are raging around it, and who at the close of life said to His disciples, "My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you." And yet, wonderfully perfect as the statue seems, it is recorded of Thorvaldsen that, when he had finished it, he was overwhelmed with melancholy, and when asked the

reason he touchingly replied, "My genius is decaying." "What do you mean?" said the visitor. "Why, here is my statue of Christ; it is the first of my works that I have ever felt satisfied with. Till now my idea has always been far beyond what I could execute. But it is no longer so. I shall never have a great idea again." This, it may be remarked, has been the case with all men of true genius, whether expressing themselves in form, or word, or colour. It is only God Himself, as it has been finely said, who could look down upon His creation and behold that it was all very good.

Having thus examined the principal objects of interest on the ground-floor of the museum, and the casts of the statues and bassi-relievi in Christ's Hall, which are executed in marble in the Frue Kirke, we went upstairs to the second story. The rooms of this floor are filled with minor works of art, and with an immense number of busts, some of which are admirably done, while others are utterly unworthy of the genius of the sculptor. We were specially interested in a plaster cast of the bust of Sir Walter Scott, and in a model of the famous statue of Lord Byron, which was refused admission into St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and was ultimately placed in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Hans Christian Andersen graphically describes the interview between Byron and Thorvaldsen in Rome in his *Mährchen meines Lebens*. He says that, when the artist was modelling the bust, "Lord Byron sat so uneasily in his chair, and kept changing the expression of his features to such a degree, that he was at length obliged to request him to keep his face still, and not to look so unhappy." On Byron's making answer that such was the usual expression of his countenance, Thorvaldsen merely replied, "Indeed," and went on with his work, producing an excellent likeness. Byron was dissatisfied with the expression; but Thorvaldsen retorted that it was his own fault, he would look so miserable. A far more favourable

impression was produced by the visit of the great Scottish novelist in 1831. Though Sir Walter Scott strangely neglected, during his stay in Rome, to visit the Vatican, where so many of the greatest statues and paintings in the world are to be seen, he was nevertheless very anxious to make the acquaintance of Thorvaldsen in his studio. Owing to ignorance of each other's language, the interview between the two great men was very short and awkward. But it made up in warmth for what it lacked in elegance and intelligibility. By signs and gestures, and much pressure of hands, they strove to convey their mutual regard; and when they parted they affectionately embraced, and followed each other with their eyes as long as possible.

What strikes one chiefly in passing through the rooms of the museum is the enormous amount of work which Thorvaldsen accomplished. He was constitutionally lazy, and took a great deal of pleasuring in life, but he has notwithstanding left behind him upwards of seven hundred works of art, many of which required great labour and delicate handling. His life was indeed exceptionally long, for he died in 1844 in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and he began his art-career when very young. The explanation usually given of the circumstance is, that he constantly kept a large number of pupils, and economized his own labour by availing himself of their aid in preparing models and carving statues up to a certain point, when he gave the finishing touches himself. But, notwithstanding this help, he must have been very industrious to have sketched and finished such a great variety of subjects, and executed so many statues single-handed. Though lounging often in idleness, and mixing freely in all the gaieties of the highest society, yet, when the glow of creative energy seized him, he worked like one of those trolls or brownies in Scandinavian folk-lore, who were able to build a city in a single night. He himself has told us, regarding his noble statue

of Mercury, what was true of most of his productions. "I immediately began modelling, I worked all the evening, till at my usual hour I went to bed. But my idea would not let me rest. I was forced to get up again. I struck a light and worked at my model for three or four hours, after which I again went to bed. But again I could not rest; again I was forced to get up, and have been working ever since."

A suite of rooms in the upper story of the museum is devoted to a valuable and instructive collection of paintings, Etruscan and Roman relics, antique coins, bronzes, vases, and other curiosities which Thorvaldsen had amassed during his long residence in Rome. One small apartment contains the furniture of his sitting-room, arranged exactly as it was when he last occupied it. A Dutch clock on a table still marks the hour of his death, when, in accordance with a superstitious feeling common to all Northern nations, it was stopped for ever. The cast of a bust of Luther, which he commenced on the morning of that day when his lifeless body was carried home from the Royal Theatre, stands beside it, and near at hand the black slate easel on which a day or two before he had drawn in white chalk a sketch for a new bas-relief called "The Genius of Sculpture." These affecting relics showed how death by apoplexy overtook him in the full plenitude of his powers, and when his fruitful mind was still meditating future works. Of the several portraits of himself in the gallery of paintings, we were particularly interested in the one by his faithful friend Horace Vernet. It is said to be an admirable likeness, representing the old man with a broad, open, fresh-coloured face, keen light-blue eyes, and long white hair, standing out like a halo all round his head.

The contrast between the departure of Berthel Thorvaldsen from Copenhagen—the son of a poor carver of figure-heads for ships—sent out to study sculpture in Rome by the charity of the Danish Academy, and his return in a royal frigate as the wealthy and unri-

valled sculptor, loaded with all the honours that art could bestow, is one of the most remarkable in the biography of great men. His journey northwards was more like the march of a popular king through his dominions than the return home of a Danish artist. Every city through which he passed received him with public hospitality and rejoicing. Kings and courtiers vied with each other in entertaining him, and learned universities exhausted their vocabulary of praise in his favour. For days before his arrival in Denmark, the popular enthusiasm, from the king to the humblest peasant, was at the highest pitch. When he landed in Copenhagen, the excitement was altogether unprecedented; thousands became half delirious with joy. And from that time on to the day of his death his life was a constant succession of banquets and levees. The newspapers greedily detailed every scrap of gossip they could pick up about him, and his letters and petitions were so numerous that he found it impossible to read them, and had to employ a secretary for the purpose. On such terms of intimacy was he with the royal family, that he could decline without embarrassment an invitation to dinner from the king, on the ground of a previous engagement, "setting aside the universal rule that an invitation from the sovereign cancels all others." And when he died and was buried, all Denmark went into mourning.

What was the cause of this vast popularity? We cannot attribute it to a universal appreciation of sculpture. Of all the fine arts, the sculptor's, I should say, from the very nature of the subject, is the one least likely to be widely popular. Infants, it is well known, prefer colour to form; and it is only as they grow up that they learn to know and value the outlines of objects. Most people are in the infantile condition of mind; they like paintings, but they are slow to discover the colder and quieter excellences of a statue or a frieze. The colour of a flower is admired, when the exquisite contour of a snowy mountain against the blue sky evokes no feeling. Robert-

son of Brighton has remarked, that the contemplation of an exquisite form or outline is one of the purest and highest pleasures that one can have; but this implies an amount of culture and refinement to which comparatively few can attain. So long as the great majority of mankind are what they are, the gallery of paintings and the music saloon will be crowded, while the studio of the sculptor, where an equal or even greater amount of genius is displayed, will only be visited by a select few. It clearly, then, was not critical knowledge of art that created the Thorvaldsen mania in Denmark and throughout the Continent. A probable origin for it was the appreciation of the princes and great people of Europe, who at the time were deeply interested in antique art. Thorvaldsen was confessedly the greatest disciple of the classical school that had arisen since the genius of Greece drooped and wasted away under the yoke of Rome; and, therefore, his works suited the taste of the age. And when the great who adored on critical grounds led the way, the humble who knew nothing about the matter obediently followed. Thorvaldsen became the rage—apart altogether from his merits—just as a singer or an acrobat, or even a dwarf, happens to become the rage. Denmark, of course, being a small country, felt itself elevated by the extraordinary reputation of one of its sons; and, therefore, as in duty bound, applauded to the echo.

A perusal of the various biographies of Thorvaldsen, by Plon, and Thiele, and Barnard, from which some of the preceding facts have been gleaned, leaves upon the mind an unfavourable impression of Thorvaldsen's character. There must indeed have been something personally attractive about the man, otherwise he could not have inspired so much affection in the hearts of those with whom he came into contact. But his morality was very much on a level with that of the pagan heroes whose forms he delighted to model. His sculpture is as pure as the marble itself; but, alas! his escutcheon has more than

one bar-sinister on it. It would serve no purpose to drag up again the discreditable parts of his life from the deep waters of oblivion under which, so far as most people are concerned, they at present lie; but were they set in order, and exhibited in their bare unvarnished truth, they would afford a melancholy proof of the hopelessness of that gospel of art or beauty upon which so many at the present day are setting their hopes as the great regenerator of mankind. It is undeniable that beauty has a refining and purifying influence; that art has a tendency to elevate and ennoble the nature. They are God's blessed agents of civilization. But it is a woful mistake to suppose that they are sufficient for this purpose alone. Unmentionable, almost inconceivable, social depravity co-existed in Greece with sculpture, whose mutilated fragments, spared by time, have a loveliness which no modern art can hope to rival. We are shocked to see the grossest scenes and actions immortalised in those carved jewels, cameos, and intaglios, which are handed down to us from ancient times; the rarest skill and

the loveliest material combining to shed lustre upon all that is most vile in man's imagination and life. The cases of Byron, Edgar Poe, and Thorvaldsen, as well as of hundreds more, show to us that the finest poetic and artistic genius may be united with the disgraceful animalism of a satyr. It cannot be too often repeated, or too deeply impressed upon the mind, that the Gospel of Christ is the only means of purifying the heart and ennobling the life; and the beauty of poetry or sculpture, of painting or music, without it, can only move our sensuous nature, and create in many a keener relish for sensual pleasure. Bezaleel and Aholiab were filled with the Spirit of God in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, in order to qualify them for constructing the Tabernacle according to the pattern shown in the Mount; and those who are artists among us, and we who enjoy their works, must both be possessed of the same heavenly spirit if the beauty of art is to produce on them and on us the purifying and ennobling influence which God intended.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR AND HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.¹

BY PROFESSOR MAURICE.

THE two men whose names are placed at the head of this article passed through nearly ninety years of the most eventful period in European and American history. "Born," says Mr. Forster, of Landor, "in the year when the English colonies "in America rebelled; living through "all the revolutions in France and the "astonishing career of the great Napoleon; a sympathiser with the defeated Paoli and the victorious Garibaldi; contemporary with Cowper and Burns, yet the survivor of Keats, Wordsworth, and Byron, of Shelley, Scott, and Southey; living while Gibbon's first volume and Macaulay's last "were published; to whom Pitt and Fox, and even Burke had been "familiar, as were Peel and Russell; "who might have heard Mirabeau "attempting to save the French monarchy and Mr. Gladstone predicting "the disruption of the American republic: it would seem strange that a "single life should be large enough for "such experiences." Mr. Crabb Robinson had these same wide experiences. He lived to see the battle of Sadowna and the complete victory of Grant. Landor and Robinson were friends; and had many common friends. They were curiously, even comically, as unlike in temper and disposition as two men of the same epoch could well be: one the least "clubbable" of men; the other made for society. As their biographies have appeared simultaneously there seems reason enough for speaking of them together, though the modesty of Mr. Robinson would have been

greatly shocked if it had been hinted to him that he should under any pretext be placed side by side with the author of "Gebir" and the "Imaginary Conversations."

No one would have been qualified for a biographer of Landor who did not estimate these works very highly. Mr. Forster has shown the keenest appreciation of their beauties, and has bestowed valuable and discriminating criticism upon them. Every student and admirer of Landor may derive much instruction from his remarks. Still it may be a question whether they will contribute to the result which such a student and admirer would desire. We are rather saturated with criticism; when it is not flavoured with a little malice, as Mr. Forster's never is, one fears it may be passed over by the reader along with the passages which justify its truth. "Gebir," he admits, is *caviare* to the general. The simple announcement of that fact might whet the appetite of many a young man to show that he does not belong to "the general." If it were stated that Southey said he would go a hundred miles to see the author of that poem, and that Shelley devoured it so continually at Oxford that his friend Hogg had need to throw it out of the window of his room at University, in order to get an ordinary question answered; the desire to know something about the book might be still further enkindled. "Have you a copy of it? Is it in the library of the club? I suppose one ought to read it? Perhaps one might purchase it at some second-hand bookseller's." So a certain man might speak to his neighbour at the dinner-table, till by degrees the volume which De Quincey pretended that no one had

¹ Walter Savage Landor. A Biography. By John Forster. Chapman and Hall. 2 vols.

Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary. Edited by Dr. Sadler. Macmillan and Co. 3 vols.

read but Southey and himself might be in a number of hands. The other method of compelling attention to a neglected book by vigorous panegyric is, no doubt, sometimes successful. A few ardent youths preached Wordsworth incessantly, till the "Lyrical Ballads" and "Sonnets to Liberty" became tolerated in drawing-rooms. Professor Wilson, having every advantage of bodily as well as mental energy, insisted that a number of Edinburgh Pistols should eat the leek, who with wry faces did eat it accordingly. But when there is no poetical creed to be propagated, as there was in Wordsworth's case, such experiments generally fail. Men may be induced to read an unknown book on your recommendation, but they would rather find out its merits for themselves.

The like remark applies still more forcibly to Mr. Forster's reports of the "Imaginary Conversations," in his second volume. They should surely be left to tell their own tale. The best things that can be said about them will mislead anyone who will not study them for himself. He may fancy that they are altogether antique, and have no reference to his own time. He may fancy them so full of references to his own time that the purity of the antique is wholly lost. He may suppose that they imitate the style of certain thinkers and writers, or that they are not the least dramatic, and only embody the dogmas of the author. There is excuse for all these opinions; a phrase intended to represent certain characteristics of the book may confirm any one of them. The entire impression derived from the Dialogues themselves can alone correct and reconcile them. One can scarcely wish that Mr. Forster had not exhibited the critical ability to which these studies of his friend's works have given occasion. But for their sake it might, I think, have been better only to observe that able and accomplished teachers on the other side of the Atlantic, like Emerson and Lowell, are drinking with delight at the well of pure English undefiled which is to be found in the

"Conversations," whilst we are preferring streams muddy with vulgar rhetoric and slang. That comparison might excite the inhabitants of the Smaller Britain to imitate the Greater.

Such grumbings as these would be very ungrateful if they were not intended to introduce the remark that Mr. Forster has supplied us with a commentary on these works which no criticism, even as good as his, could afford,—a commentary almost indispensable to the full understanding of them. The most well-disposed reader of the "Imaginary Conversations" must be frequently tormented by questions of this kind: What manner of man was the writer of this remarkable book? Was he an extreme Jacobin, or a flagrant aristocrat? Was he raised above ordinary prejudices, or was he drenched in them? Was he a lover of his kind, or a hater of it? Was he the most cultivated of men, or the most savage? Was his difference from all the schools of thought in the midst of which he lived, and we are living, merely affected, or had he actually struck out a path of his own, in which he was determined to walk? A supercilious reader may affirm with a shrug of his shoulders, that it signifies nothing what answer is given to these questions. But it does signify: one may like or dislike Landor's books heartily; they cannot be read with indifference. And those who do not read them with indifference must wish for satisfaction on these points, though they may despair of it. The satisfaction can only come from a biography. Mr. Forster has produced a thoroughly honest, a thoroughly affectionate one. He has determined that we should know his friend as he was. He has tasked other men's recollections of him, and has added his own testimony which we might account the most valuable, if Mr. Robert Landor had not aided him with a series of notes, clear, humorous, just, kind to his brother and to all with whom his brother was at strife,—notes unrivalled for the illustration of a difficult and complicated character.

The result of these records—given in

the books—is nearly what we might have expected, and even hoped, to find. Landor was no pretender to a set of strange notions. The contradictions in his writings faithfully express the contradictions in his life. He *was* a Jacobin from first to last. He *was* an aristocrat from first to last. In his boyhood his mother boxed his ears because he expressed a wish that the French would conquer England, and hang up George III. between the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. He could never agree with his other parent, a mild, intelligent physician, apparently too little disposed to assert his authority. He was removed from Rugby, though he wrote better Latin verses than any of his schoolfellows—Dr. Butler, afterwards the head master of Shrewsbury, being one of them—for offering a gratuitous insult to the head master. At Oxford he wore no hair-powder, when to be without it was to confess revolutionary opinions. He did confess them in songs and in his habitual speech. He was nevertheless treated with a tolerance which, for a Tory college of those days, seems incredible, till he fired his fowling-piece into the window of a Mr. Leeds. It was, says Robert Landor, a mild form of protest against the Toryism of Leeds. Walter Landor himself places his justification on another ground. Besides being generally disagreeable, the offender had at that time a party of *servitors and other ruffs*. This hatred of “ruffs” went on *pari passu* with the growth of his Jacobinism. Neither in the least interfered with the other. He had an intense reverence for his family; could trace it back, amidst the jokes of his brother, to an unknown antiquity; in later years was hindered with difficulty by Mr. Forster from sending a challenge to Lord Russell, because in an unguarded hour he had written or spoken some words that sounded disrespectful about a Savage who was Speaker in the first Parliament of Henry VII. and whom, on somewhat suspicious evidence, Landor held to be a maternal ancestor. Of his primogeniture he was tenacious; when

he actually became a Welsh landlord, he maintained his position with much dignity, though he had the misfortune to fall out with most of the neighbouring gentry, to be cheated by his tenants and stewards, to find the Celtic peasants abominable.

And yet if any one concluded from these undoubted facts that Landor was an ungenial man who did not inspire affection, there is abundance of evidence to confute the opinion. His Rugby master parted with him reluctantly; his tutor at Trinity, “dear old Benwell,” shed tears because, through Landor’s own bad management, his fault could not be condoned. In his native Warwick he found a friend in Dr. Parr, who was attached to him through his life, though it could not be concealed that Landor used to call Charles James Fox a scoundrel. The affection of his mother, brothers, and sister seems not to have been shaken by all his eccentricities. A charming Dorothy Littleton, with whom all men were in love, came forward as an intercessor with his father, and showed more than the regard and more than the wisdom of an elder sister in her advice to him. Southey formed a friendship with him when both were grown men, with fixed and widely different opinions, which was never interrupted. He counted two clergymen, whose deepest convictions he must often have shocked, among the most firm of his friends. He was fond of children. And Mr. Forster says of him: “My own predominant impression, from our years of intercourse, during all which he was living alone, was that of a man genial, joyous, kind, and of a nature large and generous to excess, but of a temper so uncontrollably impetuous and so prone to act from undisciplined impulse, that I have been less startled, upon a closer knowledge, to find it said by others, unfaltering both in admiration and true affection for him, that during hardly any part of his life between nine years till almost ninety could he live with other people in peace for any length of time; for that,

"though always glad, happy, and good-humoured for a while, he was apt to gradually become tyrannical when he had power, and rebellious when he had not" (p. 52).

The last words are spoken reluctantly, and without the least bitterness. They are unquestionably true. But they must be taken in their context; then they will leave an impression, painful indeed, full of warning for ourselves, but not one which can diminish our pity or even our respect for the subject of them.

So as to its prejudices. He felt the influence of the French Revolution as most thoughtful youths, just reaching the borders of manhood, felt it. Yet he hated Frenchmen, all the old John Bull feeling being strengthened by his conviction that they have no capacity for dispensing with an absolute ruler.

He was passionate in his zeal for the Spaniards; was willing to throw away money, of which he had a good supply at that time, in the Peninsular War. His life was at the service of the same cause; he went as a volunteer. But he fancied that some disparaging words spoken about another man were meant for him. The officer who uttered them explained that he was at that very time commending Landor's zeal and devotion. It was of no use. Though he had received a commission from the Junta, he returned home in disgust. He was evidently desirous to improve the Welsh till he went among them. He thought he preferred Italy to England till he became acquainted with Italians. He liked the President of the United States as an abstract representative of republicanism. But, as Mr. Forster remarks, with true insight and liberality, his republicanism was always negative, his friend Southey's always positive. Landor would have beheaded or hanged George III., but he never dreamed of a pantocracy; Southey in his most Tory days loved the people, while Landor only hated the king. He did in his heart of hearts detest injustice as injustice. But as he could never separate it from some man whom he supposed had

committed it, and as he thought himself the most ordinary victim of it, he was seldom more unjust than when denouncing it.

So again his Culture was most refined and thorough; not dwelling on the surface of his mind, but penetrating it and possessing it. He might be inferior to a number of scholars, but his scholarship had an effect on his thought and his writing which is very rare. No style surely bears such testimony as his, by its calmness and proportion, its freedom and its severity, to the influence of the best authors upon him, and to his own power of coping with them and mastering them. It is, moreover, adapted to this century, no copy of Taylor or Milton's, of Southey's or Addison's, though benefited and enriched by them all; still more by his classical reading, not corrupted or made the least pedantic by it. His style is never obtrusive, seldom leads you to think about it, but it always suggests a man of whose mind it must be the utterance. The dialogue was the rightly-chosen instrument of such a mind. He required it that he might present the different aspects of his own character; it kept up the balance of powers, each of which was always tending to excess. Mr. Emerson's praise of Landor that he was more devoted to pure literature than any man of his day has much justification; but it may be perverted to an entirely wrong sense. *Pure* literature is often taken to be dilettantism; the separation of letters from life. Landor was the very reverse of a dilettante. He was full of passion and of personality. Personality was his strength and his weakness; the secret of his power and the temptation to his greatest outrages.

This Culture, then, one is compelled to ask, which has made him so valuable to us, what could it do for himself? The oracle in the Eton Grammar frightens little boys from the faithful study of the ingenuous arts by telling them that it will not suffer them to be fierce. They might be encouraged to perseverance by Landor's example. This study, most

faithfully pursued by him, did suffer him to be very fierce. It restrained no violence; it only enabled him to manifest his violence in more vigorous prose, or more withering hendecasyllables. It may be respectable to be wounded by the sword of a man of culture, as it is a compliment to be pushed into the gutter by a prince of the blood. But putting aside the honour of the thing, the suffering in each case is, I presume, nearly equal. And if it should happen that the man of culture not only injures his opponent, but disgraces himself, Mr. Arnold will admit that a serious mischief is done, which the slaughter of a whole troop of us Philistines cannot compensate.

To this disgrace Landor did more than once expose himself. Minerva did not descend to restrain and rescue him. I wish those who worship her to lay that fact to heart; to interpret it as they can. I know well that there is a lesson just as pointed which I, as the member of another guild than theirs, professing to worship Wisdom under another name, should also lay to heart. If we fancy that by any notions or opinions we could have chained a man like Landor, we are assuredly practising a delusion on ourselves. The chains would have been plucked asunder, the fetters would have been loosed, in any one of his passions. Only if we could have told him of a Personal Centre, of a Ruler over the man himself, who could emancipate him as well as bind him, would our words have meant anything to him, could they have obtained a moment's hearing.

I pass over many topics in Mr. Forster's volume which he was obliged to handle, and which he has handled with much delicacy as well as courage. I have tried to show what advantages the biographer has over the reviewer as an interpreter of books. The advantage of the latter is that he is not obliged to speak of family dissensions which the grave has covered. Without a knowledge of them it would be impossible to have a complete understanding of Landor's character: when we have satisfied

ourselves about that, we may forget some of the disagreeable discoveries which have helped us to attain it. Mr. Forster has evidently turned with much relief from these miserable details to the cordial friendships which Landor formed with some who remain, and with many who are departed. He will, perhaps, allow me to correct a mistake into which he has fallen respecting one of these friends; the one who devoted himself with most diligence to adjust—if it had been possible—his domestic differences. On the authority of Mr. Seymour Kirkup he says (vol. ii. p. 3) that Francis Hare, in his conversation with Landor at Florence, "avoided the classics." Mr. Kirkup's recollection must have betrayed him on this point. Mr. Hare, whose acquaintance with Landor began in 1815, at Tours, where his father was dying, was a specially accomplished classic. I have seen letters of his to his brother Julius, which showed that he had a most extensive knowledge not only of the Greek poets but of the philosophers. His brother always said that he owed as much to him as to any of his instructors. He certainly did not "avoid the classics" when he was in company with such men as Welcker, who could have detected any ignorance or pretension in him. He conversed with that eminent scholar in his own language, on the subjects with which he was most occupied, and drew forth expressions of surprise from him and another German professor at the extent and solidity of his acquirements. When he first went to Christ Church, Cyril Jackson said that he was the only rolling stone he had ever known which was always gathering moss. I am assured by those who knew him (I did not) that he continued to roll and to gather moss all his life. He was, no doubt, a profuse and brilliant talker; but I cannot find that the inference which Mr. Forster deduces from the affectionate lines addressed to him by Landor, respecting his unwillingness to listen, is confirmed by the testimony of his other friends. Landor expressed, with more even than his wonted vehemence, his horror of anyone who should

do an injury, or think of doing one, to Francis Hare.

I have another slight complaint to make of Mr. Forster. He has quoted (vol. i. p. 136) an admirable sentence from an answer of Landor to the foolish charge of a Monthly reviewer, that in "Gebir" he had plagiarized from Milton. "Plagiarism, imitation, and allusion, three shades that soften from blackness into beauty, are, by the glaring eye of the malevolent, blended into one." Landor could not be expected to remember this memorable dictum if on any occasion he was exasperated against an old friend. He had praised the "Excursion" vehemently; had been on the most cordial terms with its author. Taking up a notion, for which there was no ground, that Wordsworth had spoken slightly of Southey, he began *more suo* to believe that Wordsworth was little more than a poetaster; then, for the first time, he discovered that the lines on the shell had been stolen from "Gebir." Why should Mr. Forster (note to p. 85, vol. i.) endorse this charge? Would he not have honoured Landor's memory more by appealing from Philip drunk to Philip sober? But if a biographer must hold a brief for his hero, writers in magazines should remember that they are retained for the reader. In the interest of all readers, I protest solemnly against these huckstering squabbles about the property in passages both exceedingly beautiful, each coming home to us in different states of mind, which we feel must both in the truest sense have been original. The loss which men suffer in moral profit and enjoyment by these petty controversies is incalculable.

I cannot better introduce Mr. Robinson's "Diary" than by saying that in the third volume of it there is a beautiful letter from him to Landor on this very subject. He argues boldly and admirably with his excited friend about the crime of associating as a friend with Wordsworth if he suspected him of the meanness which he was suddenly imputing to him. Afterwards, in a wise

and kindly manner, Robinson questioned Wordsworth about this supposed plagiarism, and received what seems to me a most honest and self-evident justification. I must make use of the "Diary" to fill up some gaps in Mr. Forster's narrative. There is a letter in the second volume from Landor describing Augustus Wilhelm Schlegel "dressed out as a pony in French ribands." That comparison—which Landor was so fond of that he repeated it nearly in the same words to another correspondent—painfully recalls to some who witnessed it a scene which was in no wise creditable to our countryman. An English lady, residing in Bonn, invited Schlegel expressly to meet Landor. From the moment the "little pony," covered with his French orders, entered the room, Landor began to treat him with a series of deliberate insults. When he had satisfied his wrath he retired to a table at another part of the room, and occupied himself in explaining to a young Englishman, an officer in the Prussian service, by help of a map, how the different countries of Europe ought to be redistributed. Schlegel was no doubt a coxcomb, and had been recently guilty of a libel on Niebuhr, which Germans had a right to resent. But he had done service to English literature, which an English man of letters should have acknowledged. At all events, he should not have drawn upon us the merited reproach that the French, whom he abused, could behave with ordinary courtesy to strangers and to their hostesses.

That is the savage side of the man. Here is a specimen of him in his beautiful and humane mood:—

"W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

(No date.)

"The death of Charles Lamb has grieved me very bitterly. Never did I see a human being with whom I was more inclined to sympathise. There is something in the recollection that you took me with you to see him which affects me greatly, more than

"writing or speaking of him could do with any other. When I first heard of the loss that all his friends, and many that never were his friends, sustained in him, no thought took possession of my mind except the anguish of his sister."—(Diary, vol. iii. pp. 59, 60.)

Nor should we forget that if the maxim of art—

"Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit"—

seems to have been observed in Landor's own existence, there must have been a growth of good, a victory over evil in him, unless the portrait which is prefixed to Mr. Forster's volume was a gross libel when it was first made. The dark, slouching, suspicious look which it gives him certainly does not recall the manly, if haughty countenance and bearing, which comes back to those who saw him in later years, and which corresponds to the descriptions of him both in the "Life" and the "Diary."

That "Diary," it need scarcely be remarked to any one who knew Mr. Robinson, was not written chiefly to commemorate his own acts and thoughts. There is a very pleasant image of him in it, but it is the image of a man who thought first of the people whom he saw, and among whom he dwelt, of himself chiefly as one who could learn from them or show them kindness. He mixed with too many people to be a Boswell. He had no special hero, and was far from a retailer of any man's opinions. On the other hand, he offended no one's prejudices, was tolerant of all the peculiarities which he encountered, never seems to have quarrelled with any of his acquaintances, and did his best to reconcile their quarrels. He was of humble birth, and was utterly free from any desire to conceal it, as well as from any envy of those who possessed an ancestry. He had too little ambition, and no avarice; he went to the Bar late, left it as soon as he had reached a fair competence, indulged in few luxuries, except the great one of helping those who needed help. He

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never took the least pains to penetrate the circles of the upper ten thousand. But among men of letters in England, France, and Germany he was a welcome and familiar guest. He was able to converse with them on all the subjects which interested them most, never affected to know more than he did know, was always able to give an intelligible account of what they said, and to make a reasonable guess at what they meant. A more agreeable narrator it would be difficult to find. There are no rough edges in his reminiscences; he is always cheerful, never out of sorts with his friends or the world. As in the instance I have given respecting Wordsworth and Landor, he sees the best side in his friends; is very desirous of their good opinion, yet can risk it for the sake of correcting their false impressions of each other. He makes mistakes about facts, as every man must do who travels over such an extent of ground. Every reader will probably detect some circumstance which has been stated carelessly. But his errors are never malicious; three volumes of anecdotes with so little spite perhaps never issued from the press of any country. They have not therefore the kind of attraction which belongs to the memoirs of Horace Walpole or Lord Hervey. But for the literary—I do not say, of course, for the political or aristocratic—history of the nineteenth century, they are far more valuable than those are for that of the eighteenth century; more valuable than Evelyn and Pepys are for the seventeenth.

Of politics Mr. Robinson was not an indifferent observer. He was a Liberal and a Dissenter, but as much opposed to Napoleon as Southey or Wordsworth; a foreign correspondent of the *Times* when Copenhagen was bombarded. Still politics, on the whole, make little show in his "Diary." He passes over the Queen's Trial and the Reform Bill much more rapidly than would have seemed possible for a man frequenting clubs as much as he did. In one sense he more deserves to be credited with "pure literature"

than Landor. Though he was not himself a maker of books (he always wished, he says, like the high-born lady who was compelled for her livelihood to sell muffins, that no one might hear the cry of any little pamphlet which he published), he reverences the makers of books above any class of the community.

Wordsworth perhaps appears more frequently in the "Diary" than any other writer of the day. Here is the account of the first meeting:—

"A few days after this (viz. on March 15th) I was introduced to Wordsworth. I breakfasted with him at Lamb's, and accompanied him to Mr. Hardcastle's, at Hatcham, Deptford, with whom Mr. Clarkson was on a visit. Wordsworth received me very cordially, owing, I have no doubt, to a favourable introduction by Mrs. Clarkson, aided, of course, by my perfect agreement with him in politics; and my enthusiastic and unconcealed admiration of his poetry gave me speedy admission to his confidence. At this first meeting he criticised unfavourably Mrs. Barbauld's poetry, which I am the less unwilling to mention as I have already recorded a later estimate of a different kind. He remarked that there is no genuine feeling in the line,—

'In what brown hamlet dost thou joy?'

"He said, 'Why *brown*?' He also objected to Mrs. Barbauld's line,—

'The lowliest children of the ground, moss rose, and violet,' &c.

"Now," said he, "moss-rose is a shrub." The last remark is just, but I dissent from the first; for evening harmonizes with content, and the brown hamlet is the evening hamlet. Collins has with exquisite beauty described the coming on of evening,—

'And hamlets brown, and dim discover'd spires.'

"Wordsworth, in my first tête-à-tête with him, spoke freely and praisingly of his own poems, which I never felt to be unbecoming, but the contrary. He

said he thought of writing an essay "on 'Why bad poetry pleases:'" he never wrote it—a loss to our literature. He spoke at length of the connexion of poetry with moral principle, as well as with a knowledge of the principles of human nature. He said he could not respect a mother "who could read without emotion his poem,

'Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourn'd.'

"He said he wrote his 'Beggars,' to exhibit the power of physical beauty and health and vigour in childhood even in a state of moral depravity. He desired popularity for his 'Two Voices' are there, one is of the Sea,' as a test of elevation and moral purity."

This was the time in which Wordsworth was asserting himself. A less genial person than Mr. Robinson might have seen in him only an egotist. He perceived clearly that there was in him a thorough conviction that he had a work to do, that he talked of himself to some extent as if he was another person. Every year that they met after Wordsworth had obtained a recognised position he found him more tolerant, more agreeable to his friends, less of a propagandist. There is a very pleasant account in his second volume of the Swiss tour which Wordsworth commemorates in his "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent;" a still pleasanter report of their visit to Rome, in the third. Extracts would only spoil the reader's interest: I commend him to the book.

Many of us can recollect how people in the humbler Liberal ranks—the inspiration being no doubt received originally from the sublime circle in Holland House—spoke of Southey as selling himself for a "butt of malmsey." Mr. Robinson lived among those who were sure to repeat this witicism, with others of the same kind. From the first he treated it as vulgar and false. He saw in Southey the true-hearted, self-denying man that he was; he was sure that his changes of opinions were honest changes of that;

in heart he was always an earnest social reformer; a man who, instead of selling himself to a party, was using up his strength and his brain that he might support himself and do service to others. No parts of the "Diary" are more wise and hearty than those which refer to this excellent man.

Mr. Robinson was present at Coleridge's lectures on Shakespeare, and listened to his conversation at Highgate. He did not profess always to understand him, but he does not, like most writers of his time, compliment himself on his incapacity. He was puzzled with Coleridge's theology, and differs from it when he was not puzzled. But he never suspected him of playing false with others or with himself. He introduced Landor to Coleridge. He gives us this letter in 1834:—

"My friend! My friend! What a dismal gap has been made in the forest of intellect among the plants of highest growth! Byron and Scott put the fashionable world in deep mourning. The crape, however, was soon thrown aside, and people took their coffee, and drew their card, and looked as anxiously as ever at what was turning up. Those deaths were only the patterings of rain before the storm. Goethe, your mighty friend, dropped into the grave. Another next to him in power goes after him—the dear, good Coleridge. Little did I think when we shook hands at parting, that our hands would never join again." Some of our wittings may perhaps be a little surprised to hear that even Landor could speak of the "dear, good Coleridge."

Lamb is, of course, a charming figure in these reminiscences, as in those of all who knew him. Mr. Robinson knew him well, and loved him much. He records his puns with delight, and dwells on the tragedy of his life with great tenderness. Poor Mary Lamb seems almost to have divided his heart with her brother.¹

No one comes before us more frequently or more strikingly than Flaxman. The simple, pure, brave man, always poor, always free from debt, never complaining of poverty or neglect, delighting in the society of his wife, devout without the least ostentation, affords one of the most beautiful pictures of an artist's life that any age or country has to offer. Landor bestowed upon his works exaggerated praise. Robinson felt these to be the genuine expressions of a man's heart, and spent more money than was known, except to one friend, in bringing them together in University College for the contemplation of young Englishmen.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Flaxman, Landor,—these alone would make a considerable gallery of portraits. And being exhibited separately and together, in different days of their lives, not as subjects for discussion and criticism, but in friendly converse, and in all moods of joy and grief, we know much of them which formal biographies do not tell. Nearly as vivid, if not quite as interesting, are Robinson's recollections of Madame de Staël, when she met him in Germany, and eagerly welcomed him as a dragoman to bring German philosophy (which he made no great boast of understanding) within the reach of her French intellect; again, when she was the idol of English society. No fresh light perhaps is thrown upon the authoress or the woman, but our previous impressions of both are made clearer and deeper.

Among Germans Robinson was at home when Englishmen received their chief impressions of them from the play in the Anti-Jacobin. He studied at Jena; not too old to sympathise with the feelings of the students, nor too young to profit by the professors. He was admitted into the Weimar circle,

pages is that of Thomas Moore. He was invited to meet Elia and some of his friends. The author of "Little's Poems" evidently deemed that an infinite condescension and humiliation. He jokes about their "Mecenas," and speaks of Mary Lamb as "a woman who went mad in a diligence."

¹ Almost the only conspicuous and popular name which looks very ignominious in these

was kindly welcomed by Wieland, made the acquaintance of Herder, saw a little of Schiller, approached with timidity to Goethe, and was not repulsed. In 1829 he was again in the same presence.

"Having left our cards at Goethe's dwelling-house, we proceeded to the garden-house in the park, and were at once admitted to the great man. I was aware by the present of medals from him that I was not forgotten, and I had heard from Hall and others that I was expected; yet I was oppressed by the kindness of his reception. We found the old man in his cottage in the park to which he retires for solitude from the town-house, where were his son, his daughter-in-law, and three grandchildren. He generally eats and drinks alone; and when he invites a stranger, it is to a *tête-à-tête*. This is a wise sparing of his strength. Twenty-seven years ago I thus described him: 'In Goethe I beheld an elderly man of terrific dignity; a penetrating and unsupportable eye,—the eye like Jove's, to threaten and command;' a somewhat aquiline nose, and most expressive lips, which when closed seemed to be making an effort to move, as if they could with difficulty keep their treasures from breaking forth. His step was firm, ennobling an otherwise too corpulent body; there was ease in his gestures, and he had a free and enkindled air.' Now I beheld the same eye indeed, but the eyebrows were become thin, the cheeks were furrowed, the lips no longer curled with fearful compression, and the lofty, erect posture had sunk to a greater stoop. Then he never honoured me with a look after the first haughty bow, now he was all courtesy. 'Well, you are come at last,' he said; 'we have waited years for you. How is my old friend Knebel? You have given him youth again, I have no doubt.' In his room, in which there was a French bed without curtains, hung two large engravings; one the well-known panoramic view of Rome, the other the old square engraving of an imaginary

"restitution of the ancient public buildings."

It is a great temptation to go on and quote the discourses of Goethe on Byron, though his opinions on that subject are tolerably well known. One characteristic story may be introduced. That evening I gave Goethe an account of Lamennais, and quoted from him a passage importing that all truth comes from God, and is made known to us through the Church. He held at the moment a flower in his hand, and a beautiful butterfly was in the room. He exclaimed, 'No doubt all truth comes from God; but the Church? There's the point: God speaks to us through this flower and that butterfly, and that's a language those *Spitzbuben* don't understand'" (ii. 430—432).

He did not know that Lamennais would in a few years think much more of the language that comes through flowers and butterflies than of that which comes through the Church.

Much as we ought to value such records as these for their own sake, it is impossible to separate them from the friendly, cordial man who has bestowed them upon us. Those who have never seen him or shared his hospitality will become well acquainted with him through this "Diary;" they must feel towards himself much personal gratitude and regard. Personal,—for he too was personal, though in a very different way from Landor. He cared much more for persons themselves than either for opinions or for truth as truth. His want of any strong conviction or fervent zeal is what he most laments in himself. It was no morbid self-accusation; he was not the least inclined to be morbid; he was singularly healthy in body and happy in his spirits. He felt inwardly that it was a want: a very interesting and pathetic letter to Benecke shows that he longed for some satisfaction of it. The discovery of such a craving in a man of his social and cheerful temperament is very impressive, and even startling. If he makes those ashamed who feel often tempted to Landor's intolerance by his comprehensive sym-

pathies, he may make them more ashamed if they have the glimpse of any truth which should be the basis of all such sympathies, and at the same time of a distinct individual belief. Supposing that is so, they ought to be more vehemently earnest than Landor, more catholic than Robinson. If they are conscious of being inferior to each in that which was his proper characteristic,

they may at least accept both as men who represent our age. We sometimes denounce it as an age of extreme bitterness, sometimes of all-embracing indifference. It may be liable to both dangers; there is assuredly in every one of us a tendency to both. Neither can banish the other; there is a principle hidden under each; those principles may be, and will be, reconciled.

A SUGGESTION.

AMONG the many ladies whose life is frittered away in a round of purposeless occupations, there are numbers who have a latent desire to find something which it is worth while to do.

Many more chafe under their imposed idleness, and strive to find a sphere of usefulness. They perhaps plan work for themselves among the poor, but in the outset are hindered by their over-protecting parents. They may not go out alone, or they may not expose themselves to the evils of close rooms and an infected atmosphere. For similar reasons they may not teach in Ragged Schools. They may not undertake a class in an Evening School, because it would interfere with the family dinner-hour. Against their teaching children in their own homes obstacles are again raised. Besides, it is extremely likely that their talents may not lie in these directions. Finding no work to do for others, they resolve to employ themselves in developing their own power. They set themselves to study history, literature, languages, or art. But interest in the work must flag sooner or later. The study is nearly all for self; and how can a woman go on working steadily for herself alone? Let her but have an object out of herself on which to expend her zeal, and she will work on happily for years.

We have such an object to propose to amateur artists. It is, that they should

give their works for the adornment of rooms where working-men meet. At present, the walls of such rooms are generally covered by an ugly paper, which offers no suggestion of the grand or the lovely.

Would not a faithful representation of mountain wilds, of shady forest, or of some happy domestic scene, do something to elevate the tone of working-men? We all rejoice in finding ourselves occasionally placed in a new world, whether of Nature or of life; and the man whose means prevent him from going to the sea-side or to the mountains, might, at least for half an hour, be brought into contact with some of Nature's aspects. It is good to be alone with Nature, even though no beautiful thoughts may be suggested; yet if we will sit perfectly passive in her temple, we must come forth calmer and stronger. Into this temple we may in a measure enter by looking quietly at some pictures.

But it is only the rich or the well-to-do who can have this enjoyment. Let us open up this avenue of pleasure to all who will enter it. Let us hang the walls of Reading-rooms, of Hospitals and Infirmarys, of Class-rooms, of Sunday Schools and Cottages, with good pictures. To be good pictures it is not necessary that they should be painted by a great artist, or should even contain a large amount of work; but they must be faith-

ful representations of Nature. They must be true in colour and form, and right in feeling.

We believe that there are numbers of young ladies who can draw, paint, or model, well enough to give pleasure by their work, and who would work twice as well if they knew that their pictures would not be put away in a portfolio as soon as completed.

Here the question arises—Who is to judge whether their drawings are sufficiently good to be thus distributed? We suggest that a committee be formed in London, to consist of some dozen artists and men of taste, who would decide on the quality of the pictures, and admit or reject accordingly. It would be a laudable object of ambition among ladies to produce work worthy of acceptance. In concert with the artists, there might be a working-committee, which should lend out the pictures to all suitable applicants, and superintend their transfer from one town or village to another. Some pictures might be sold for small sums to adorn private cottages, and would advantage-

ously displace the painful daubs and bad prints that often crown the chimney-piece.

A small fund would be required to pay for the simple framing of the pictures and for other expenses, but this could easily be raised by subscription. The labour involved in the whole undertaking, if divided, would not fall too heavily on any single individual, and the benefit which would accrue to rich and poor would be inestimable.

If some few benevolent and active men would come forward and undertake the work at once, we might, before Christmas, see many a dull public room rendered attractive to the weary workman, while employment was provided for many willing workers.

Until, however, our scheme was realized, much might be done by private individuals without organized agency. Let any lady who has drawings or paintings which she can spare, send them at once to the nearest Infirmary or Hospital or Workhouse; her present is sure to be acceptable, and to be a source of pleasure to those for whom it is sent.

RECENT SOLAR DISCOVERIES.

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S.

IN the January number of this Magazine I gave an account of the success which at last had attended the application of a method of studying the conditions of matter, and the forces at work, on our wondrous luminary, the sun: a method which transforms every ray into a sort of inter-stellar cable. I alluded to some of the first messages thus transmitted to us, and I promised to return to the subject.

My first paper was somewhat historical. In the present one I shall endeavour to explain the method of work, to show what has already been accomplished, and what a boundless horizon has been unfolded to us—a horizon which includes every star in the depth of space in its sweep.

The new method consists in a detailed examination of the sun's surface with a very powerful spectroscope, and dates from the year 1866. So powerful and searching is it, that the very first observation made in that year settled the claims of the two theories then prevalent on the physical constitution of the sun. These two theories were brought forward in the year 1865, and dealt with all the telescopic and photographic observations accumulated up to that time. I refer to the explanation given in both of the reason that a sun-spot appears dark—the very key-stone of any hypothesis dealing with the physical constitution of the sun.

English science, represented by Messrs. De la Rue, Balfour Stewart, and Loewy, said that a spot is dark because the solar light is absorbed—stopped—by a cool, non-luminous, absorbing atmosphere pouring down there on to the visible surface of the sun,—in other words, on to the photosphere.

French science, represented by M. Faye, said that a spot is dark because it

is a hole in the photosphere, and that inside or below the photosphere the interior gases of the sun give out little or no light.

Now here was a clear issue, which the spectroscope could solve at once; for the spectroscope is an instrument whose special *métier* it is to deal with radiation and absorption. It tells us that the light radiated from different bodies gives us spectra of different kinds, according to the nature of the radiating body—continuous spectra, such as we see in a rainbow, without bright lines, in the case of solids and liquids; and bright lines, with or without continuous spectra, in the case of gases and vapours. It tells us also that absorption dims the spectrum throughout its length when the absorption is *general*, and dims it here and there only when the absorption is *selective*, the well-known Fraunhofer lines in the sun's spectrum being an instance of the latter kind. So that we have general and selective radiation, and general and selective absorption.

What I saw in 1866 was in favour of the English theory. There *was* abundant evidence of absorption in the spots, and there *was not* any indication of gaseous radiation. The light which came from the spots was like all the rest, but it was dimmed, as the sun's light is dimmed in a fog.

On both the theories to which I have referred, it was imagined that there was a tremendous atmosphere around the sun as ordinarily visible to us, by which the absorption, which gives rise to the dark lines in the otherwise rainbow-band, was affected. This tremendous atmosphere was supposed to be indicated by the corona in total eclipses, and at the base of the corona, at such times, the strange red flames—the nature of which was stated

in the former article—are seen. I shall show presently that this tremendous atmosphere does not exist; but I will



FIG. 1.—Total eclipse of the sun, showing the corona and red flames.

first endeavour to indicate how the spectroscope has enabled us to determine the nature of the red flames.

The light from solid or liquid bodies, as before stated, is scattered broadcast, so to speak, by the prism into a long band of light, called a continuous spectrum, because from one end of it to the other the light is persistent.

The light from gaseous and vaporous bodies, on the contrary, is most brilliant in a few channels; it is *husbanded*, and, instead of being scattered broadcast over a long band, is limited to a few lines in the band—in some cases to a very few lines.

Hence, if we have two bodies, one solid or liquid and the other gaseous or vaporous, which give out exactly equal amounts of light, then the bright lines of the latter will be brighter than those parts of the spectrum of the other to which they correspond in colour or refrangibility.

Again, if the gaseous or vaporous substance gives out but few lines, then, although the light which emanates from it may be much less brilliant than that radiated by a solid or liquid, the light may be so localized, and therefore intensified, in one case, and so spread out, and therefore diluted, in the other,

that the bright lines from the feeble source may in the spectroscope appear much brighter than the corresponding parts of the spectrum of the more lustrous solid body. Now here comes a very important point: supposing the continuous spectrum of a solid or liquid to be mixed with the discontinuous spectrum of a gas, we can, by increasing the number of prisms in the spectroscope, dilute the continuous spectrum of the solid or liquid body very much indeed, and the dispersion will not seemingly reduce the brilliancy of the lines given out by the gas; as a consequence, the more dispersion we employ, the brighter relatively will the lines of the gaseous spectrum appear.

The reason why we do not see the prominences every day in our telescopes is that they are put out by the tremendous brightness of our atmosphere near the sun, a brightness due to the fact that the particles in the atmosphere reflect to us the continuous solar spectrum. There is, as it were, a battle between the light proceeding from the prominences and the light reflected by the atmosphere, and, except in eclipses, the victory always remains with the atmosphere.

It should now be clear that there was a possibility that by bringing a spectroscope on the field we might turn the tide of battle altogether—assuming the prominences to be gaseous; since the reflected continuous spectrum might be dispersed almost into invisibility, while the brilliancy of the lines of the prominences should suffer scarcely any diminution by the process.

And now for the method of work. We have first the object-glass of a powerful telescope to collect the sun's rays, and to form an image of the sun itself on a screen. In this screen is an extremely narrow slit, through which alone light can reach the prisms. The beam, as it enters, is grasped by another little object-glass and transformed into a cylinder of light containing rays of all colours, which is now ready for its journey through the prisms. In its passage through them it is torn

by each succeeding prism more out of its path, till at last, on emerging, it crosses the path it took on entering,

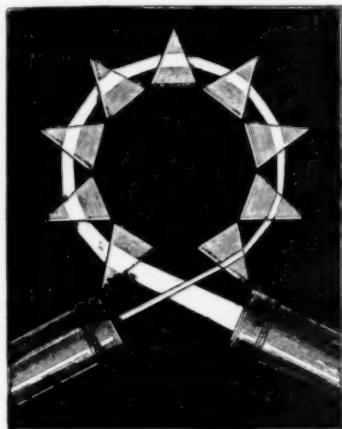


FIG. 2.—Showing how the beam of light is gradually widened out in its passage through a series of prisms.

and enters a little telescope, thoroughly dismembered though not disorganized.

Instead now of a cylinder of light containing rays of all colours, we have a cylinder of each ray which the little telescope compels to paint an image of the slit. Where rays are wanting the image of the slit remains unpainted—we get a black line; and when the telescope is directed to the sun, so that the narrow slit is entirely within the image of the sun, we get in the field of view of the little telescope a glorious coloured band with black lines (Fraunhofer's) crossing it.

Of course it is necessary for our purpose to allow only the edge of the sun to fall on the slit, leaving apparently a large portion of the latter unoccupied. What is seen, therefore, is a very narrow band in the field of view of the little telescope, and a large space nearly dark, as the dispersion of the instrument is so great that the atmospheric light is almost entirely got rid of.

The narrow band of light—the solar spectrum with the dark Fraunhofer lines

crossing it, is shown somewhat roughly



FIG. 3.—Showing the solar spectrum, with the principal Fraunhofer lines, and above it the bright-line spectrum of a prominence.

in Fig. 3; while above it, in the dark

space, are the bright lines which show that the sun is surrounded by a surging sea of incandescent hydrogen, with oftentimes a lower stratum of incandescent magnesium and sodium vapours. I say lower, because the height of the lines indicates to us exactly the height of the stratum, as shown in the figure. For instance, we have a high prominence of hydrogen, the known lines of which correspond to C F, a line near G and h , and a low injection of magnesium and sodium, the lines of which correspond with b and D respectively.

Although the lines vary in height, they never disappear, showing that for some 5,000 miles in height all round the sun there is an envelope of which the prominences are but the waves. This envelope I named the "Chromosphere," because it is the region in which all the variously coloured effects are seen in total eclipses, and because I considered it of importance to distinguish between its discontinuous spectrum and the continuous one of the photosphere. And now another fact came out. The bright line F took the form of an arrow-head,

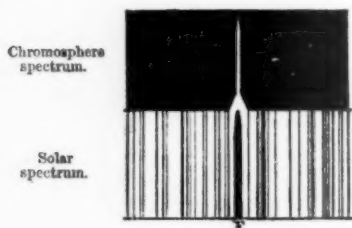


FIG. 4.—Showing how the F line broadens as the sun is approached.

the dark Fraunhofer line in the ordinary spectrum forming the shaft, the corresponding chromospheric line forming the head; it was broad close to the sun's edge, and tapered off to a fine point, an appearance not observed in the other lines.

Nature is always full of surprises, and here was a surprise and a magnificent help to further inquiry lurking in this line of hydrogen! MM. Plücker and Hittorf had already recorded that, under

certain conditions, the green line of hydrogen widened out; and it at once struck me that the "arrow-head" was nothing but an indication of this widening out as the sun was approached.

I will now for one moment leave the observatory work to say a word on some results recently obtained by Dr. Frankland and myself, in some researches on hydrogen and other gases and vapours, upon which we have been engaged.

First, as to hydrogen, what could laboratory work tell us about the chromosphere and the prominences?

It was obviously of primary importance to determine the cause to which the widening of the F line was due, and to study the hydrogen spectrum very carefully under varying conditions, with a view of detecting whether or not there existed a line in the orange; where, as shown in Fig. 3, there is a line in the spectrum of the prominences which behaves exactly as the known hydrogen lines do.

We soon came to the conclusion that the principal, if not the only cause of the widening of the F line was *pressure*. This being so, we were in a position to determine the atmospheric pressures in the chromosphere and prominences; that is, whether the hydrogen was dense or rare.

With regard to the higher prominences, we have found that the gaseous medium of which they are composed exists in a condition of *excessive* tenuity; and that even at the lower surface of the chromosphere, that is, on the sun itself, in common parlance, the pressure is very far below the pressure of the earth's atmosphere.

Now these again are facts which bear upon the problem of the sun's condition in a very great degree, indeed they lead us necessarily to several important modifications of the received theory of the physical constitution of our central luminary—the theory which we owe to Kirchhoff, who based it upon his examination of the solar spectrum. According to his idea, the photosphere itself is either solid or liquid, and is surrounded by an extensive non-luminous atmosphere, com-

posed of gases and the vapours of the substances incandescent in the photosphere. Kirchhoff's idea demands dense vapours far above where we have found hydrogen alone, and that very rare. So that we must consider that the absorption to which the reversal of the spectrum and the Fraunhofer lines are due takes place in the photosphere itself or extremely near to it, instead of in an extensive outer absorbing atmosphere; so that we may say that the photosphere *plus* the chromosphere is the real atmosphere of the sun, and that the sun itself is in such a state of fervid heat that the actual outer boundary of its atmosphere, *i.e.* the chromosphere, is in a state of incandescence.

We must next go a stage lower into the bowels, not of the earth, but of the sun.

As a rule, the chromosphere rests "conformably," as geologists would say, on the photosphere, but the atmosphere (as I have just defined it) is tremendously riddled by convection currents; and where these are most powerfully at work, the upper layers of the photosphere are injected into the chromosphere. Thus in Fig. 3 we see the lines due to the vapour of sodium and magnesium, in the spectrum of the chromosphere, appearing there as very short and very *thin lines*, generally much thinner than the black lines due to their absorption in the solar spectrum.

These injections are nearly always accompanied by the strangest contortions of the hydrogen lines, the latter towering above the rest, of which more presently.

At the same time we have tremendous changes in the prominences themselves, which I have recently been able to see in all their beauty, by merely opening the slit of the spectroscope. By this method the smallest details of the prominences and of the chromosphere itself are rendered perfectly visible and easy of observation, and for the following reason. Let me explain how this result is accomplished. The hydrogen Fraunhofer lines (like all the others) appear dark because the light which would

otherwise paint an image of the slit in the place they occupy is absorbed; but when we have a prominence on the slit, there is light to paint the slit, and as in the case of any one of the hydrogen lines we are working with light of one refrangibility only, on which the prisms have no dispersive power, we may consider the prisms abolished. Further, as we have the prominence image coincident with the slit, we shall see it as we see the slit, and the wider we open the slit the more of the prominence shall we see. We may use either the red, or yellow, or green light of hydrogen for the purpose of thus seeing the shape and details of the prominences. I have been perfectly enchanted with the sight which my spectroscope has revealed to me. The solar and atmospheric spectra being hidden, and the image of the wide slit and the part of the prominence under observation alone being visible, the telescope or slit is moved slowly, and the strange shadow-forms flit past, and are seen as they are seen in eclipses. Here one is reminded, by the fleecy, infinitely-delicate cloud-films, of an English hedge-row with luxuriant elms; here, of a densely intertwined tropical forest, the intimately interwoven branches threading in all directions, the prominences generally expanding as they mount upwards, and changing slowly, indeed almost imperceptibly.

In one instance I saw a prominence 27,000 miles high change enormously in the space of ten minutes; and lately I have seen prominences much higher born and die in an hour. This will give an idea of the tremendous forces at work.

So much, then, for the chromosphere and the prominences, which I think the recent work has shown to be the last layer of the true atmosphere of the sun. We now come to spots.

Now, as a rule, precisely those lines which are injected into the photosphere by convection currents are most thickened in the spectrum of a spot, and the thickening increases with the depth of the spot, so that I no longer regard a spot simply as a cavity—an idea which

dates from the last century—but as a place in which we get the absorption of the vapours of sodium, barium, iron, magnesium, &c., from a much lower level than we do when we observe the photosphere.

Fig. 5 is a sketch of the spectrum of a sun spot. We see a black band run-

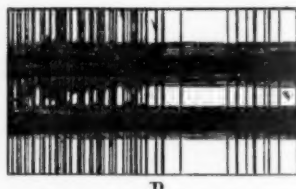


FIG. 5.—Spot spectrum, showing how the solar spectrum is dimmed, and how some of the lines widen as they cross it.

ning across the ordinary spectrum; that black band indicates the general absorption which takes place in a sun spot. Now mark the behaviour of the Fraunhofer lines; see how they widen as they cross the spot, putting on a sudden blackness and width in the case of a spot with steep sides, expanding gradually in a shelving one. The behaviour of these lines is due to a greater absorption of the substance to the absorption of which the line is due.

By examining sodium vapour at different pressures in a tube we can see the absorption line due to sodium, in one part as thin as it is in the ordinary solar spectrum; in another almost if not quite as thick as it appears in a spot.

That grand generalization of Kirchhoff's, by which he accounted for the Fraunhofer lines, may be briefly stated as follows:¹—

If we have a gas or a vapour less luminous than another light-source, and view that light-source through the gas or vapour, then we shall observe absorption of those particular rays which the

gaseous vapour would emit if incandescent.

Let us confine our attention to the hydrogen Fraunhofer lines.

When I observe the chromosphere on the sun's limb, with no brighter light-source behind it, I observe its characteristic lines *bright*. But when I observe them on the sun itself—that is, when the brighter sun is on the other side of the hydrogen envelope, then, as a rule, its function is reduced—the brighter light behind it, showing on both sides the line, makes the line itself appear comparatively dark. But every now and then the hydrogen lines are seen *bright upon the sun itself*!

Not only are the lines observed bright, but it would appear that the strongly luminous hydrogen is carried up by the tremendous convection currents at different pressures; and under these circumstances the bright line is seen to be expanded on both sides of its usual position. Moreover, at times there is a dim light on both sides the black line, and the line itself is thinned out, showing that, although there is an uprush of strongly luminous material, the column is still surmounted by some less luminous hydrogen, possibly separated from the other portion, which is comparatively dim.

I now come to a new field of discovery opened out by these investigations, a branch of the inquiry more startling than all the rest—I allude to the movements of the hydrogen envelope and prominences of which I have before hinted.

Any one who has observed the sun with a powerful telescope, especially in a London fog—all too great a rarity unfortunately for such work—will have been struck with the tremendous changes observed in spots. Now, change means movement, and as spot phenomena occur immediately below the level of the chromosphere we may easily imagine that the chromosphere and its higher waves, the prominences, will also partake of the movements, be they up or down rushes, cyclones, or merely lateral motions.

¹ I would here call attention to the admirable and full account of it given in Professor Roscoe's recently published book on "Spectrum Analysis," a book which should be perused by all who care for the subject of this paper.

The spectroscope enables us to determine the velocities of these movements with a considerable approach to accuracy; and at times they are so great that I am almost afraid to state them.

Let me endeavour to show how this result is arrived at.

Imagine a barrack out of which is constantly issuing with measured tread and military precision an infinite number of soldiers in single or Indian file. And suppose yourself in a street seeing these soldiers pass. You stand still, and take out your watch, and find that so many pass you in a second or minute, and that the number of soldiers, as well as the interval between them, are always the same.

You now move slowly towards the barrack, still noting what happens. You find that more soldiers pass you than before in the same time, and, reckoned by time, the interval between each soldier is less.

You now move still slowly from the barrack, and with the soldiers. You find that fewer soldiers now pass you, and that the interval between each is longer.

Now suppose yourself at rest, and suppose the barrack to have a motion now towards, now from you.

In the first case the men will be payed out, so to speak, more rapidly. The motion of the barrack-gate towards you will plant each soldier nearer the preceding one than he would have been if the barrack had remained at rest. The soldiers will really be nearer together.

In the second case it is obvious that the interval will be greater, and the soldiers will really be further apart.

So that, generally, representing the interval between each soldier by an elastic cord, if the barrack and the eye approach each other by the motion of either, the cord will contract; in the case of recession, the cord will stretch.

Now let the barrack represent the hydrogen on the sun, perpetually paying out waves of light, and let the elastic cord represent one of these waves; its length will be changed if the hydrogen and the eye approach each other by the motion of either.

Particular wave-lengths with the usual velocity of light are represented to us by different colours.

The long waves are red.

The short waves are violet.

Now let us fix our attention on the green wave, the refrangibility of which is indicated by the F line of hydrogen. If any change of wave-length is observed in this line, *and not in the adjacent ones*, it is clear that it is not to the motion of the earth or sun, but to that of the hydrogen itself and alone that the change must be ascribed.

If the hydrogen on the sun is approaching us, *the waves will be crushed together*; they will therefore be shortened, and the light will incline towards the violet, that is, towards the light with the shortest waves; and if the waves are shortened only by the ten-millionth part of a millimeter, we can detect the motion.

If the hydrogen on the sun is receding from us, the waves will be drawn out; they will therefore be longer, and the green ray will incline towards the red.

Now there are two different circumstances under which the hydrogen may approach or recede from the eye.

Suppose we have a globe to represent the sun. Fix your attention on the centre of this globe: it is evident that an uprush or a downrush is necessary to cause any alteration of wave-length. A cyclone or lateral movement of any kind is powerless; there will be no motion to or from the eye, but only at right angles to the line of sight.

Next, fix your attention on the edge of the globe; here it is evident that an upward or downward movement is as powerless to alter the wave-length as a lateral movement was in the other case, but that, should any lateral or cyclonic movement occur here of sufficient velocity, it might be detected.

So that we have the centre of the globe or sun for studying upward and downward movements, and the limb for studying lateral or cyclonic movements, if they exist.

Fig. 6 shows the strange contortions which the F hydrogen line undergoes at the centre of the sun's disc. Not only

have we the line bright, as I have before mentioned, but the dark one is twisted

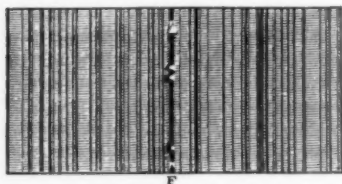


FIG. 6.—Showing how the F line is contorted and at length becomes bright.

in places, generally inclining towards the red; and often when this happens we have a bright line on the violet side.

Now the other Fraunhofer lines in the diagram may be looked upon as so many milestones telling us with what rapidity the uprush and downrush take place; for these twistings are nothing more or less than alterations of wave-length, and thanks to Ångström's map we can map out distances along the spectrum from F in ten-millionths of a millimeter from the centre of that line; and we know that an alteration of that line by one ten-millionth towards the violet means a velocity of 38 miles a second towards the eye, *i.e.* an uprush; and that a similar alteration towards the red means a similar velocity from the eye, *i.e.* a downrush. The fact that the black line inclines to the red shows that the cool hydrogen descends; the fact that the bright line—where both are visible side by side—inclines to the violet, shows that the heated hydrogen ascends; and the alteration of wave-length is such that 20 miles a second is very common.

The observations of the lateral motions at the limb are of course made by the chromospheric bright lines seen beyond the limb. Here the velocities are very much more startling; not velocities of uprush and downrush, as you now know, but swinging and cyclonic motions of the hydrogen.

Although the slit used is as narrow as I can make it, let us say $\frac{1}{500}$ th—I have not measured it—of an inch, a strip of this breadth, of the sun's image, is something considerable, as the sun him-

self as painted by my object-glass is little more than nine-tenths of an inch in diameter, so that after all the slit lets in to be analysed a strip some 1,800 miles wide.

Let us suppose we have a cyclone of incandescent hydrogen some 1,500 miles wide tearing along with a very rapid rotatory motion: it is clear that all this cyclone could fall within the slit; and that if the rotatory motion were sufficiently rapid the spectroscope should separate the waves which are carried towards us from those which are receding. It does this: I have seen an alteration of wave-length both towards the red and violet, amounting to something like 40 miles a second. By moving the slit first one way and then the other we bring it in turn to such positions that only the light proceeding from either side of the cyclone can enter it. Then we shall have changes of wave-length in one direction only.

Now, let us suppose that instead of a cyclone, we have a motion of some portions of the prominence towards the eye; and that, moreover, the rate of motion varies excessively in some portions. What we shall see will be this. The portion of the prominence at rest will give us no alteration of wave-length; its bright line will be in a line with the corresponding black one in the spectrum, as shown in Fig. 3. The portion moving towards the eye, however, will give us an alteration of wave-length towards the violet. You are now in a position to grasp the phenomenon revealed to me by my spectroscope on the 12th of May, when at times the F line was triple! the extreme alteration of wave-length being such that the motion of that part of the prominence giving the most extreme alteration of wave-length must have exceeded 120 miles per second, if we are to explain these phenomena by the only known possible cause which is open to us.

By moving the slit it was possible to see in which part of the prominence these greater motions arose, and to follow the change of wave-length to its extreme limit.

These spectroscopic changes are sometimes connected with telescopic ones. In one case, after I had observed one of these storms on the sun's edge, I examined one of the photographs of the sun taken at Kew every day the sun shines. I found the limb to be actually broken in that particular place in which the storm was observed: the photosphere seems to have been absolutely torn away behind the spot exactly where the spectroscope had afforded me possible evidence of a cyclone!

Now, in connexion with this branch of the research it is important to remark that we have two very carefully prepared recent maps of the solar spectrum, one by Kirchhoff, the other by Ångström, made a few years apart and at different epochs with regard to the sun-spot period. A glance at these maps will show a vast difference in the relative thicknesses of the C and F lines, and great differences in the relative darkness and position of the lines, and we may say that we are now supplied with a barometer, so to speak, to measure the varying pressures in the solar and stellar chromospheres; for every star has, has had, or will have a chromo-

sphere, and there are no such things as "worlds without hydrogen," any more than there are stars without photospheres. I suggested in 1866 that possibly a spectroscopic examination of the sun's limb might teach us somewhat of the outburst of the star in Corona, and already we see that all that is necessary to get just such an outburst in our own sun is an increase in the power of his convection currents, which we know to be ever at work. Here, then, is one cataclysm the less in astronomy—one less "World on Fire," and possibly also a new light thrown on the past history of our own planet.

I might show further that we are now beginning to have a better hold on the strange phenomena presented by variable stars, and that an application of the facts to which I have referred, taken in connexion with the various types of stars which have been indicated by Father Secchi, opens out generalizations of the highest interest and importance; and that having at length fairly grappled with some of the phenomena of the nearest star, we may soon hope for more certain knowledge of the distant ones.

LALAGE.

I COULD not keep my secret
 Any longer to myself ;
 I wrote it in a song-book,
 And laid it on the shelf ;
 It lay there many an idle day,
 'Twas covered soon with dust :
 I graved it on my sword-blade,
 'Twas eaten by the rust :
 I told it to the zephyr then,
 He breathed it through the morning,
 The light leaves rustled in the breeze,
 My fond romances scorning :
 I told it to the running brook,
 With many a lover's notion,
 The gay waves laughed it down the stream,
 And flung it in the ocean.
 I told it to the raven sage,
 He croaked it to the starling :
 I told it to the nightingale ;
 She sang it to my darling.

W. H. POLLOCK.